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John Dicks 313 Strand

# PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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ONE PENNY.



THE COURT-MARTIAL ON LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CRAWLEY. (See page 371.)

## Notes of the Week.

On Saturday the particulars were received of the foundering of the ship *Austral*, Captain Urquhart, bound to Adelaide, from London, shortly after clearing out of the English Channel. It appears that the vessel sprung a leak, probably from the starting of a plank. The pumps, though kept constantly at work, were useless, and she filled up to the deck, and went down head foremost, twenty minutes after the crew had all escaped. They were taken up by the American ship *Rhine*, which returned with them to the Channel. The loss will not be less than £60,000.

A DEPUTATION from a portion of the distressed Manchester operatives who had been receiving relief from the Manchester Board of Guardians waited upon the Mayor (Mr. James Marsden Bennett), on Monday, at the Town Hall. They marched in procession to the hall, headed by a lorry, which was surmounted by a huge placard, upon which was written "Motto of Freedom—A fair day's work, and a fair day's wage; and no Bastile to keep our wives and children from starvation!" The procession contained about 200 persons, many of them lads. The Mayor courteously informed the deputation he could not interfere with the proceedings of the guardians, and that some public works would soon be provided for Manchester. The deputation then attended an out-door meeting in Stevenson-square, and reported the result of their interview with the Mayor.

On Monday the utmost excitement prevailed in the vicinity of Spitalfields, in consequence of the sudden and mysterious death of a female named Eliza Marrs, aged thirty-five years, who died at No. 9, Grey Eagle-street, Brick-lane, under the following circumstances:—It appears that the deceased was a widow, and had been cohabiting with Wm. Bedell, with whom she had lived unhappily. On the previous Thursday night, although in previous good health, she was seized with violent vomiting, which continued the whole of the night. A messenger ran for Dr. Gayton, of No. 85, Brick-lane, Spitalfields, who promptly attended, and found her in a very dangerous condition, and evidently sufferring from some irritant. He at once administered antidotes, but she lingered in the same condition, and died on the following morning at an early hour. The neighbours soon heard of the death, and various rumours spread around the neighbourhood of a very serious nature, which it would be premature to mention at present. Mr. John Humphreys, the Middlesex coroner, gave instructions to Dr. Gayton to make a post mortem examination of the body, and to secure the contents of the stomach for analysis by Mr. Letticey.

On Saturday afternoon, Mr. Bedford, the coroner for Westminster, held an inquest at St. George's mortuary, on the body of Diana Stephens, twenty-three years of age, still-room maid in the service of the Earl of Dudley and Ward, Dudley House, Park-lane. The deceased had committed suicide by hanging herself. To effect her purpose she placed a cord over an open door, which she then shut to. For some time previous she had been very depressed, which was accounted for by a medical gentleman, on the ground that she had been suffering from a severe internal disease. The jury found a verdict, "That deceased had committed suicide while in an unsound state of mind."

## PRESIDENT LINCOLN, MR. CHASE, AND MR. SEWARD.

THE following is an extract from a letter of an English traveller in the United States:—

"This morning (Sunday) I called on Mr. Chase, the Financial Secretary. He lives in a quiet house, and everything about him indicates a quiet and undeviating style of living. He is about five feet ten inches in height, without whiskers, a fine intellectual face, pale but with pleasant expression, his head finely formed. Soon after I called Mr. Chase asked me if I would join them at church, which I did—he being a long and pleasant walk. After service he took me to the White House and introduced me to the President, Abraham Lincoln, who was seated in his large room and easy chair, and in his family offhand manner, at once put me at home with him. He is very tall, and decidedly more intellectual-looking than I expected. His manner is agreeable and cheerful. Everything he says indicates truthfulness—you could not believe Lincoln capable of telling a lie—he seems to be the very essence of straightforwardness; he laughed loud at any jokes and was much amused at small matters. As childlike in his simplicity of manner, yet every remark he made showed considerable shrewdness and knowledge of human nature. If he erred, I could imagine it would be on the side of credulity, for he has a tendency to believe everybody to be as honest as he is himself, and evidently, from his good nature, would find great difficulty in saying 'No' to any one or in discrediting any one who had served him, whether in the capacity of servant or as general. Mr. Seward soon after joined us. He is in some respects the opposite of Lincoln—a thoughtful and studious-looking man, with much of the lawyer in his composition and manner—great conversational powers, which lead to somewhat too diffusive a style, characteristic of his writings. The three men appeared of about the same age—fifty-three to fifty-eight. Mr. Chase, the more vigorous mind of the three, Mr. Seward scholarlike, whereas Mr. Lincoln appeared superior to both in natural sagacity. In the evening I dined with Mr. Chase, and was much impressed with a sense of his ability and candour."

A LIVELY CENTENARIAN.—Mrs. Betsy P. Eastman, of Salisbury, New Hampshire, is in the 102nd year of her age, and is reported to be the oldest person living in the State. A correspondent tells this story of her:—"Her cheerfulness under all circumstances is constant and remarkable. Her son Joel, of Conway, who makes her frequent visits, on departing from home a short time since, thought it possible, considering her advanced age, that she might be taken away before he made her another visit, and, shaking hands with her, remarked, 'Good-bye, mother; I don't know as I shall ever see you again.' Mrs. Eastman, with great astonishment, locked up and exclaimed, 'Why, Joel! you don't think you are going to die, do you? My health is remarkably good now-a-days.'—*Sacramento Weekly Union.*

EXTRAORDINARY RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—A rather serious accident occurred on the Vale of Llangollen Railway on Tuesday last, which might have resulted in very serious consequences. A train was coming at a quicker rate than usual, and had reached the points at a place called Woodlands before the engineer had time to get there, he being some distance off at the time; consequently the train ran on with great speed towards the station, and got on a line where there were four carriages, into which the engine dashed with tremendous force, driving through the strong mud of earth at the end of the line, and through two brick walls, over the new road, where one of the carriages came in contact with an unoccupied cottage, which was completely demolished. The corner of another carriage struck a house adjoining, doing it serious damage. One of the windows of the house was knocked out by the buffer of a carriage. Singular to relate, no one was injured except the engine-driver, who received a few contusions of the face. It is estimated that nearly £1,000 worth of damage was caused by the accident.—*Westmorland Gazette.*

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## Foreign News.

## FRANCE.

THE following, in a Paris letter, refers to the Emperor's proposed congress:—

"The believers in the congress grow fewer every day. There never was much faith in it, and slight as it was in the beginning, it is sensibly vanishing. The Pole himself smiles at the notion; and a Russian who not long since held the post of ambassador at the court of one of the great Sovereigns of Europe, declared not a week ago that not all the eloquence of a congress, nor the threats of Europe, will tempt or extort from Russia the concession of an indecent Poland. After the first surprise, people have begun to doubt whether, after all, a dozen or two gentlemen, solemn and plausible, arrayed in embroidered uniforms, with stars and ribbons, talking round a table in the noble saloon of the Foreign-office, eyeing each other with suspicious politeness, could really elaborate an instrument by which the moral perfection which the Vienna treaties failed to produce should be attained. No protocols this new Amphictyonic council can put together will convince the world more than it is already convinced that war is the most costly and the most destructive pest of the human race, either as regards the misery it brings with it, or the good which it prevents, or that it can suddenly arrest the progress of intelligence and civilization, has not yet been able to arrest. Probably, the Emperor Napoleon was sincere when he said in the famous Bordeaux speech, that the principle of the new empire was peace; but the Crimean, the Italian, the Chinese, the Cochin-Chinese, and the Mexican wars are the commentary."

"Great efforts are being made with the Emperor," says a correspondent of the *Independence Belge*. "To lead him into a completely reactionary path. The desire is to alarm his Majesty by exaggerating the significance of the parliamentary debates and the force of the opposition. M. de Persigny, M. Pietri, M. Granier de Cassagnac, &c., are mentioned as being the most energetic in advancing along this path, where it is not at all probable the Sovereign will follow them."

## GERMANY.

According to the *Wanderer* of Vienna, the Hereditary Prince of Augustenburg has addressed himself personally to the Emperor of Austria, begging his Majesty's support to his pretensions upon Schleswig-Holstein. A ministerial journal at Berlin says that the Prince has been received by M. Bismarck, and that after the interview he had a long conference with the ambassadors of Russia and France.

## POLAND.

## RUSSIAN ATROCITIES.

After the engagement in the palatine of Prasny, in which the Polish leader Lenczica perished, several Polish prisoners were brought to Mlawa, to the Russian commandant Bogdanowicz. This officer having perceived a boy of sixteen among the prisoners, had him brought before him, addressed him in insulting terms, and flourished his sword about his head. The boy meanwhile stood unmoved, and looked boldly into the eyes of his persecutor, who foamed at the mouth with rage. "You Polish vagabond! you Catholic hangdog! so you are frightened, are you?" he exclaimed. To this the boy quietly answered that he had not feared him on the field of battle, and did not fear him then. "You do not fear me? We shall see!" and with another flourish of his sword the savage cut off the boy's head, which dashed against the wall. The body stood for a moment with the hand raised, and then fell on the blood-stained ground by the side of the head. Bogdanowicz meanwhile taking a pull at his brandy-flask. This terrible deed was witnessed by several persons who were in the room at the time.

## PRUSSIA.

The following is from a Berlin letter:—

"It is certain that two Prussian divisions, the 6th and 13th, have been ordered to hold themselves in readiness to take the field, which can only have reference to a possible approaching conflict with Denmark. We got a telegram last night from Stockholm, mentioning the great sensation caused in that city by the death of the King of Denmark, and that orders had been sent to Carisbrooke, to get ready the screw war steamers lying there, and to recall a steam frigate and a corvette now in the Atlantic. Here, since the acceptance of the new constitution by King Christian, the tone has become warlike, and one hears talk of a conflict with Denmark being inevitable and imminent. I need not remind you that a crisis of some kind or other has become almost our chronic state in Berlin, and that a good many words are apt to pass before blows are come to. But it certainly appears probable that if Government and the nation were in tolerable harmony, instead of being at daggers drawn, a Prussian army might very soon be on the march to establish Prince Frederick in possession of the Duchies. As it is, the tendency of the chambers seems according to what has transpired in the latest party meetings, to be favourable to his recognition by Prussia as their legitimate sovereign. There is talk also of a possible declaration on the part of the Chamber of its willingness to make any sacrifices under certain conditions—the principal of these being the re-establishment in Prussia of a constitutional state of things. Such a stipulation must be considered as about equivalent to an invitation to ministers to resign."

## AMERICA.

The siege of Charleston is thus described:—

"To describe it in a few words, the appearance of Sumter is that of a huge honeycomb, manufactured by gigantic bees for the gratification of the gods. The only part of the fort which bears any traces of identity is the south-west angle, where a few remaining arches, considerably disfigured by the showers of iron hail which have assailed them, are the only evidences of former architectural ornament. The balance of the southern wall, exposed so long to powerful and well-directed guns, is a mountain of palli-vized brick and mortar, without a line to indicate shape or a single feature of design. The eastern or sea face, which is exposed to the fire both of ships and shore batteries, is, perhaps, the most demolished of all, battered and banged and crushed worse than the countenance of any prize-fighter who had been hammered to a jelly; the great hole that yawns at the sea, as it would swallow even her if she would but leap into its throat, seeming like the entrance to Chaos. Into the rough heaps of debris the shells go plunging, here crumbling a pile of stuff away and there throwing up another, to be scattered, maybe, by the very next shot. The walls are now perfectly capable of being scaled, from 2ft. to 24ft. having been shot away within the past eight days. Perhaps no grander example of stern, stubborn resistance exists in all modern warfare than the persistent holding of this point by the rebels; certainly history does not record one. The flag raised each time, the sunset gun, the watchful sentinels through the night, when at intervals the monstrous dogs of war howl out their deadly rage, cannot fail to stir in the hearts of all men that feeling of respect which the true soldier always has for a brave and determined foe."

The *Charleston Mercury*, of the 2nd, has the following, headed "The Siege—the 11th day.—On Friday night a detail, chiefly from the Washington Light Infantry was stationed in the eastern barracks of Sumter, there to be held in readiness in case an assault should be made. Although the fort was subjected to the usual

nightly bombardment, which, though light compared with the bombardment of the day, has hitherto been of a sufficiently heavy character, no casualties occurred until a quarter past four on Saturday morning. At that hour a Parrott shell from Morris Island struck the iron girder which supported the ceiling of the barracks to which we have alluded, causing it to fall in and crush thirteen men under its ruins. On Saturday morning the enemy opened from all his land batteries, and Parrott and mortar shells were rained through the day upon the silent work. Occasionally, indeed, the middle battery, by which is meant the battery between Gregg and Wagner, would throw a shell in the direction of Johnson or at Sullivan's Island, but for the most part the fire was concentrated upon Sumter. At the hour of twelve, two of the three monitors which have been playing so conspicuously a part in the present bombardment came up and proceeded to batter the sea face from their usual prudent distance. The shots of the island batteries were chiefly aimed at the south-west angle. The guns in action on Saturday at Morris Island were two light and two heavy rifled guns at Gregg, three heavy rifled guns and four 10-inch mortars at the middle battery, and four rifle guns at Wagner. In the course of the day, 413 rifled shots were fired at the fort, of which sixty-one missed. From the mortars 373 were fired, 120 of which did not strike. The monitors fired eighty-six times, and never once failed to hit their mark. The flag-staff was twice shot away, and was replaced by Sergeant Graham, Corporal Hill, and Private R. Swain, of company F, 12th Georgia Battalion. At length the staff was so cut up that it became necessary to raise the battle flag of the battalion just named. The mortar shells thrown by the enemy are so contrived as to explode a few seconds after impact. Of these thirty-three were fired at the fort on Saturday night, twelve of which passed over. On the same night seventy rifled shells were also fired, ten of which missed. There were several casualties on Saturday at the fort. The story of Sunday is but a repetition of that of Saturday. The enemy's land batteries were served with the same fury, and the monitors assaulted the fort with the same vigour which characterized their fire on the preceding day. About two o'clock the firing was very rapid, averaging four shots to a minute. The bombardment was still going on at a late hour of the night, but no report had reached us, at the hour of going to press, of the results of Sunday's operations. Our own batteries have been by no means inactive during the last two days, but we have learnt nothing of the effect of their fire."

The long-expected advance of the army of the Potowmick was made on Saturday, the 7th inst. The following details of the fight have been received:—

"On the morning of the 7th the fifth and sixth army corps, under General Sedgwick, advanced to Rappahannock Station, they having the right wing of the army. The first, second, and third corps, forming the left wing, under General French, proceeded to Kelly's Ford. When the right wing reached the Rappahannock they found the enemy in considerable force on the north side. Batteries, redoubts, and earthworks crowned both banks of the river. General Sedgwick at once stormed and took them, causing great slaughter, and taking many prisoners. When General French reached Kelly's Ford, about six miles below Rappahannock Station, the enemy threw across a division to support their picket line. General French brought all his artillery to bear upon them, causing great slaughter and throwing them into utter confusion. Many prisoners were taken. General French then threw the first division of the third corps across the river. On the following morning (8th) General French crossed with the remainder of his corps, General Sedgwick having previously crossed, and at nine o'clock the two wings formed a junction, holding both banks of the river. The enemy, after their defeat in these two engagements, were so hotly pursued by the Federals that they threw themselves into the river to escape. All their artillery on the north bank was captured, said to be seven guns. Their whole camp equipage was taken. General Buford's cavalry crossed at Sulphur Springs to cover the right flank, and Generals Gregg and Kilpatrick crossed below Kelly's Ford to cover the left. It is reported that Kilpatrick had a fight near Stevensburg, but the particulars are not known. The entire number of prisoners taken by Generals Sedgwick and French is believed to be over 1,800. The Federal loss is reported to be four hundred killed and wounded—no prisoners."

Latest accounts report General Meade's army to be all across the Rappahannock, and the Confederates falling back towards the Rapidan, having as yet taken no position to offer battle. Meade's forces are united, and he is said to be pressing on for a general engagement.

## DENMARK.

The *Berlinske Tidende* publishes the following account of the occurrences at the palace of Glucksburg immediately preceding and following the death of King Frederick:—

"At the moment of his death the King was surrounded by his wife, her ladies, the marshal of the court, the Adjutant-General Fensmark, the master of the horse, two physicians, and the medical inspector, Schleisner. Previously to his death the King had given his body-physician, Lund, orders that, in case the disease should prove fatal, his body should not undergo any examination. The King had also previously expressed the wish that no grave-clothes should be put on his body, but that his body should be left in the clothes in which he died. His wishes were in these respects religiously observed. Already, on the first evening after the King's death, decomposition had so far advanced that the medical men declared that if there was any intention to embalm the body it would be necessary to place it in a metal coffin, and immediately screw it down and solder it. The court-marshal therefore gave the order for a wooden coffin lined with lead. Before the coffin was soldered down the marshal of the Court and Counsellor Bach cut off some locks of the King's hair, to be given to the members of the royal family. The coffin was then soldered down, and the two above-named officials signed a protocol setting forth that they had been present on the occasion."

BUST OF SHAKSPEARE.—In anticipation of the approaching celebration of Shakespeare's birthday, there has already sprung up a demand for relics and memorials of the poet. Fragments of Herne's Oak and the old rafters of the barn at New-place, Stratford-on-Avon, are now anxiously sought after. A block of oak fifteen inches long from the latter place has already been carved for a member of the Memorial Fund by Mr. William Perry, the wood-carver to the Queen, into a graceful bust of the poet. The artist has, it appears, studied the Stratford bust and Mr. James Borden's commentary on the various portraits, and from the impressions so gleaned worked out his idea of Shakespeare's appearance in middle life. The oval face, arched eyebrows, lofty forehead, and regular features universally attributed to the poet, are, however, to the credit of the artist, represented without the smirk of the Stratford bust or that look of modern sturdiness which spoils the best known recent portraits. The moustache and the "peaked beard" suggest, to some extent, the French fashions of the day, and the form of the head tempts one to suspect that Mr. Perry has too much faith in phrenology. Upon the whole, however, the figure is admirable, and in excellent keeping with the devices reppresenting Tragedy and Comedy, and the coat of arms carved upon the pedestal. The whole work is characterized by a justness in the proportion of parts, and a delicacy of finish, which we rarely expect to meet with in any sculptures not in stone, and well illustrates the progress recently made in artistic wood carving.

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## THE ALDERSHOTT COURT-MARTIAL.

The front illustration represents the court-martial sitting at Aldershot on Lieutenant-Colonel Crawley, of the 6th Dragoons.

Colonel Crawley wears his uniform, but without his sword and gauntlet. He is a man above the average height, of a sturdy build, wearing a Crimean medal with one bar. His hair is thin, approaching to grey; he wears a broad, closely-cropped, and thin whisker, with a thin dark moustache. The nose is prominent, his brow of an average height, and the whole face marked by a very styled handsome were it not for a blemish in the centre, or rather in the position of them, for the eyes themselves are clear, keen, restless organs, very apt to detect, we should imagine, a secret in a soldier's accoutrements, but they are placed too closely together, and the eyebrows come heavily over, in a way to give a stern, almost sinister look to the whole face, and detracts from its otherwise open expression. The cheek bones are high, and in the progress of the trial became flushed. But we must here remark that he plays his difficult part with great ability. Mr. Vincent Harcourt, his counsel, suggests to his client any objection to the course of examination, and Colonel Crawley puts the objections to the court always firmly but respectfully. Mr. Harcourt is understood to be the "Historicus" of the *Times*, whose elaborate letters on the privateer question have excited a considerable amount of attention. He has a good legal face, with a keen eye, and a lipless mouth, expressive of no mean determination if he ever require to exercise it. Apparently, as if to balance this expression, he parts his hair somewhat eccentrically in the middle. Some years ago he made a vigorous attempt to get into parliament for the Kirkcaldy burghs, in opposition to Colonel Ferguson, and he so won the hearts of the electors who supported him, although he failed to succeed, that they presented him with a handsome testimonial. He was again invited to stand at the late vacancy for these burghs, on the retirement of Colonel Ferguson, but his reply was that he had married a wife, and could not come. The court and the prosecutors: To give a popular idea of the parts fulfilled by the different actors on the part of the authorities, we may describe the Officiating Judge-Advocate, Colonel J. K. Pipon, as holding the position of the judge at a jury trial, while the officers composing the court are the jury, the President acting as Chancellor or foreman. Technically, however, the Judge-Advocate is more for the purpose of advising the court than directing the proceedings, although he practically does the latter. The prosecutor on behalf of the Horse Guards is Col. Sir Alfred Horsford, K.C.B., who acts as Attorney General. He is the beau ideal of a soldier, with shaven cheeks, crisp hair, and a round face, and a little turned up saucy moustache, his breast covered with medals enough to rejoice the hearts of all the subalterns in a regiment if divided among them. He is assisted by Mr. Denison as counsel, also in ordinary costume, and undoubtedly it would have added greatly to the despatch of business if the civilians had been allowed to conduct the whole matter without using the scarlet go-betweens. Sir George Wetherall, the president of the court, is an excellent specimen of a Horse Guards official. He is an old man with white hair, a white moustache, and just such a face, half begrimed, half intelligent, but, on the whole, rather perplexed, which we associate with the idea of a worthy grandpapa investigating some disagreeable family difference—a pleasant old gentleman, with a body inclined to corpulence, and legs gradually thinning off to shadows. He is flanked right and left by a set of officers, whose facades bedizened with orders show that they have seen service in every clime and on well-contested fields. The junior officers, as is the custom, sit at the foot of the table—Lieutenant-Colonel Grey, 3rd Foot, and Lieutenant-Colonel Jones, 73rd Foot—but although younger in years than the others their decorations show that they have earned their position by hard work.

Colonel Crawley is arraigned upon the following charges:—  
1. For conduct unbecoming an officer, and to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, in having at Mhow during the month of May, A.D. 1862, when the regimental Sergeant-Major Lilley was confined in close arrest, caused the orders under which he was so confined to be carried into effect with unnecessary and undue severity, whereby the said regimental Sergeant-Major Lilley and his wife were subjected to great and grievous hardships and suffering.

2. For conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, in having at Mhow, on or about the 7th day of June, A.D. 1862, in the course of an address made by him before the general court-martial which was then being held for the trial of Paymaster T. S. M. 6th Hussars, killing Dragoons, expressed himself in the following language, or in words to the like effect:—"Close arrest necessarily implies a sentry over a prisoner, but it does not necessitate his being placed over a prisoner's wife or family, and I can assure the court that no person could be more shocked than I was when I learned from the evidence of Sergeant-Major Lilley that his wife had been incommoded or annoyed by the precaution taken for his safe custody. It was Lieutenant and Adjutant Fitzsimon's fault if any such thing occurred, for it was his duty as adjutant to have seen the post assigned to the sentry, and to have taken care that no such improper interference with the privacy of the sergeant-major's wife could have taken place. As it was, immediately I became acquainted with the statement of Sergeant-Major Lilley, I sent off orders to have the sentry removed to a post where he could perform his duty equally well without annoying or interfering with Mrs. Lilley." Thereby representing that the said Lieutenant and Adjutant Fitzsimon was in fault for what had occurred, whereas in truth and in fact the said Lieutenant-Colonel Crawley then well knew that the said Lieutenant and Adjutant Fitzsimon had acted in the said matter by the express order and direction of the said Lieutenant-Colonel Crawley.

Colonel Champion, one of the witnesses for the prosecution, testified that the apartments in which Sergeant Lilley was confined were wholesome, well-ventilated, and roomy.

Sergeant Miller said in evidence that Lilley was a hard-drinking man, ignorant, but he had never seen him tipsy on duty.

Adjutant Fitzsimon stated that it was by Colonel Crawley's express orders the sentries were posted in Lilley's room.

Major John Edward Swindley, 6th Dragoons, was examined for the prosecution. I was present in the orderly-room on a Sunday when Colonel Crawley was complaining to the adjutant of the regiment that communications had taken place with the three imprisoned sergeant-majors. Colonel Crawley asked Mr. Fitzsimon if he knew the meaning of close arrest. Mr. Fitzsimon answered, "I do. It means placing a sentry over the quarters of the prisoner." Colonel Crawley said, "No such thing; it means that the sentries are not to lose sight of their prisoner day or night." Sergeant-Major Cotton was standing in the room, just in front of me, and remarked that Sergeant-Major Lilley was a married man." This observation was followed up by Mr. Fitzsimon, who said that Mrs. Lilley was "so sick that liniment or something of that kind, had to be rubbed on her stomach." Colonel Crawley said, "He did not care if married or single, officer or soldier, close arrest was close arrest, and he would have his orders carried out."

Who was present?—Quartermaster Wooden, Sergeant-Major Cotton, and a corporal or sentry, or both. There were officers present also. I think Captain Weir was one of the officers.

During the course of the court-martial held for the trial of Paymaster Cotton, do you recollect anything occurring about a man named Little?—I do.

State what occurred?—I received an order from Lieutenant-Colonel Prior to attend at the orderly-room and deal with the prisoners. A man named Little was brought before me charged with having allowed communication to take place between Mrs. Gibson,

a woman of the regiment, and Sergeant-Major Lilley. I examined into the charge, and found it not supported by the evidence adduced. I ordered the man's release, and the crime to be torn up, so that nothing should be recorded against him. The crime I saw torn up by the acting adjutant, Lieutenant Davies. The following morning I was ordered to attend at the orderly-room before Colonel Crawley, and there reprimanded by him for this decision. The crime was produced, the fragments of it being sewn together. I expressed my sorrow if I had erred in my judgment, adding I did not think I had as I most carefully examined the witnesses, and decided that there was nothing against the prisoner. Colonel Crawley remarked that upon the evidence he had heard he would have tried the man by court-martial.

Colonel Horsford: What character did Sergeant-Major Lilley bear?—He bore the very highest character.

Captain Archibald Weir, 6th Dragoons, was examined by Colonel Horsford, as follows: While the sergeant-majors were under arrest I remember being in the orderly-room, at Mhow, about the beginning of May, 1862. Colonel Crawley and the adjutant, then Mr. Fitzsimon, came in. The colonel was talking in a loud voice to Mr. Fitzsimon. The colonel said, "Mr. Fitzsimon, do you know what close arrest means?" Mr. Fitzsimon said, "I think I do, sir." Colonel Crawley asked him what it was. Mr. Fitzsimon said, "When an officer or non-commissioned officer is placed in close arrest, and a sentry is placed over him outside the room door, I call that close arrest." The colonel replied, "You do, do you?" Mr. Fitzsimon said, "Yes, sir, I do." The colonel said, "Then, Mr. Fitzsimon, let me tell you, when an officer or non-commissioned officer is placed in close arrest, the sentry is never to lose sight of him by night or day." Mr. Fitzsimon said, just that way, "Very well, sir." Sergeant-Major Cotton, who was in the orderly-room at the time, made some remark about Sergeant-Major Lilley being a married man. The colonel told the sergeant-major to hold his tongue, and not to contradict the orders he had given or the general, but to go and see those orders carried out. The sergeant-major then left the orderly-room, and Mr. Fitzsimon made some remark about Mrs. Lilley being very ill, and the sergeant-major having some liniment or ointment, I think he called it, to rub on Mrs. Lilley at night-time, or in the day, I don't know which. The colonel then replied, "I don't care a d—, Mr. Fitzsimon. I can't help that; officer or soldier, married or single, I will have my orders carried out." That is all, sir, I know about it.

**PEDESTRIAN FEAT.**—On Wednesday, Mr. George Thompson, a gentleman amateur of Belfast, performed the unprecedented feat in this part of the country of walking eighteen English miles inside three hours. Mr. Thompson has on several occasions recently proved himself one of the best pedestrians in Ireland; and, although it was fully expected that if, considering the heavy road, the great distance could be done in the time, he would propel himself over it, still it was not expected that an amateur walker could accomplish such a feat. Mr. Thompson has already won several cups from the best runners in the north, and is, we understand, matched against one of the first champion walkers in England in a match which will shortly take place. The eighteen-mile walking match commenced on Wednesday at seventeen minutes past one o'clock, commencing at the No. 1 milestone on the Antim-road, from which it had to be continued to the tenth milestone, near Antrim, and back to the starting point, eighteen miles. There were a great number of spectators at the start, and at almost every point of interest along the course. The third of the distance, six miles, was traversed in 56 min.; and half the distance, nine miles, in 1h. 28 min.—leaving 1h. 32 min. for the other half. When half the distance had been gone over, Mr. Thompson appeared distressed looking; but he struggled on in a very determined manner, and, despite the rain which fell during a part of the return journey, and the heavy nature of the road, he came in at the starting-post in 13 min. 16 sec. 28 sec., having walked eighteen miles in 2h. 59 min. and 47 sec.—*Northern Whig*.

**EARTHQUAKE IN TURKEY.**—The *Levant Herald* of the 11th says:—"On Friday morning last a small shock of earthquake was felt at a quarter past eleven o'clock throughout Constantinople. There were three very sensible oscillations from north to south, occupying about four seconds. The sensation, however, was but of a trifling kind. Not so in the volcanic district about Brousse, on the same day and hour. At Brousse itself, and along the Gulf of Moudanis, the shock was less severe than at Gümülek, on the sea of Marmara, and the immediate neighbourhood. At Gümülek, thirty houses were damaged; the walls of the governor's house were cracked; and the minaret of the principal mosque crumbled to the ground. The shock proceeded in a north-easterly direction. At the village of Omourbey the visitation was still stronger; the mosque and twenty houses were completely destroyed; and thirty houses, belonging to both Christians and Mahomedans, were more or less seriously damaged. A young boy, son of a man named Ali Barout, lost his life by being buried in the ruins of one of the fallen houses. This was the only life lost; but great excitement, fear, and confusion prevailed at Omourbey and Gümülek, and the villages round about, all of which suffered in slighter degree."

**A GOVERNOR ON HIS TRAVELS.**—A few evenings since three men on foot, roughly clad, and carrying knapsacks on their backs, arrived at the door of a small country inn, in King's County, just as dark was closing in. They requested that some food might be prepared for them, as they had travelled far and eaten nothing since starting, but were told by the mistress that she was not going to cook "for the likes of them" at that hour of the evening. The strangers offered to cook their own supper if admitted to the kitchen, but this also was refused them. At length, however, perceiving the men to be sober and civil, the good lady somewhat relented, allowed the wayfarers some tea and "fixings" and provided them with sleeping accommodation. The next morning an agricultural show was held in the vicinity. The three pedestrians attended the show, and it then transpired that one of them was the Lieutenant-Governor, a second the Adjutant-General, and the third a young gentleman from Fredericton—a son, we believe, of Chief Justice Carter. The party were en route from Albert County to St. John on foot, his excellency having taken this mode of coming into closer communication with the people of the districts through which he passed. His excellency made a short speech to the assembled agriculturists, and then left them not quite certain whether they had received a visit from the Governor or were the victims of a hoax. The apologetics of the inquirer may be imagined. We understand his excellency has occupied ten days in this tour, and traversed a distance of about 150 miles, lodging at country inns and farmhouses, and carrying a pack as did his companions.—*New Brunswick Freeman*.

**RIMMEL'S PERFUMED ALMANACK FOR 1861.**—This beautiful little perfumed annual, in all respects equal to its predecessors, will, we are assured, be hailed with pleasure by our lady readers. As a pretty and acceptable present, it has not its equal in price, and we have little hesitation in saying that no lady's toilet table or work box is complete without this highly perfumed and beautifully illustrated keepsake. The illustrations represent the popular sports of England, France, Spain, and Russia.

**DYING TO BE A GHOST.**—The *Oude Gazette* reports that Mr. Morrison, the head gardener of the *English-in-Park*, recently observing one of his men in a somewhat comatose state whilst making believe to be at work, roused him with a shove which caused him to stagger and fall on all fours. On the following morning Mr. Morrison was informed that the man had died during the night. On inquiry it was ascertained that he had taken a large dose of arsenic, and that the motive for the suicide was the belief that Mr. Morrison would ever after be haunted by the ghost of the man whose dignity he had offended by a hasty shove.

## THE EARL AND THE HORSEBREAKER.

The Court of Queen's Bench was recently tried a case Reynolds v. Earl Dudley. Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., and Mr. T. Tapping were for the plaintiff; and Mr. Huddleston, Q.C., was for the defendant.

The plaintiff, Miss Reynolds, described as the most accomplished equestrian in the world, having an establishment for breaking horses at Brighton and Brompton, sued the defendant for her charges for breaking, training, and riding a dun horse in the spring of 1859; £15 was paid into the court, but this sum was not satisfactory to Miss Reynolds, who claimed £49 7s.

Mr. Hawkins, in opening the case to the jury, made a most amusing speech, in the course of which he said that it had been suggested that Miss Reynolds had ridden the horse for her own amusement, which was quite as ridiculous as to suppose that he and his brother barristers came down to Guildhall and addressed juries by way of a little relaxation.

The first witness, George Reynolds, was examined by Mr. Tapping, whose first question—"You are sister to the plaintiff?" caused some amusement in court, especially when the witness answered "Yes." In the course of further examination he stated that a horse was brought to Miss Reynolds by a servant of the defendant to be broken; that he was broken and subsequently ridden from time to time; and that the charges were reasonable.

Cross-examined by Mr. Huddleston: We have no printed cards; we are above that sort of thing. My sister never rides other people's horses without charge. What has this to do with the case? She never has ridden any one else's horse without charging. My sister has been a horse-breaker thirteen or fourteen years. She rides in the park every day when it is fine, and very often when it is wet. It was a dun pony, about fourteen hands. She broke it in perfectly, and charged five guineas. Afterwards it came back in June, 1859. I never sent for the pony. We keep horses for letting. No bill was sent in before J. ly, 1860.

Re-examined: The charge is the same whether the horse be sixteen hands high or fourteen. The usual charge when a horse is sent to us for riding is 30s. a-week; a single lesson is half a guinea.

The next witness was the plaintiff, who said: My name is Elizabeth Reynolds. I carry on business at Brighton and Brompton. I have a large connection. My ordinary charge for breaking a horse is five guineas. When broken, a horse is often sent for me to ride to keep it quiet. Often in the morning before the lady requires the horse I am employed by the Princess of Wales. My charge for one ride is a guinea. When a horse is sent for some time continuously, my charge is 3s. a-week. After I had broken this horse it was brought back to me in June. I rode it up to December. The horse was ridden by a girl of fifteen. The next May the horse came to me again, and I rode it for thirteen weeks. I rode it altogether for sixteen and thirteen weeks. The horse was always brought by a servant, and I never sent for it. I ride horses for Lord Willoughby D'Eresby and others all the year round. I keep horses for my ladies. Almost every day I ride from nine to five—certainly not for amusement. I saw Lord Dudley at Dudley House, in June, 1860. I rode one of Lord Willoughby's horses. Lord Dudley said he wished the horse to be made perfect for a lady. He thought he was not steady for a lady. He had had a vacation, and this often happened. His lordship said he could not afford to pay half-a-guinea a lesson, but he would pay 30s. a week. My bill would come to far more if I charged half-a-guinea a lesson. Under my tuition the horse was made as perfect for a lady as he could be.

Cross-examined by Mr. Huddleston: I rode the Princess's horse and broke it. It was a brown horse. In June I had sent in no bill. The horse was not finished. I got off my horse when I called at Lord Dudley's. He showed me all over the house. (The witness here recapitulated her evidence as to this interview.)

Miss Reynolds, the plaintiff's mother, confirmed the evidence already given; and Mr. Huddleston, having elected to call no witnesses, Mr. Hawkins summed up.

Mr. Huddleston addressed the jury for the defence and accused Mr. Hawkins of being led away by his own prancing eloquence. The learned counsel urged that the charges were too high.

Verdict for the plaintiff for £49 7s., less £5 paid into court.

## WHOLESALE INCENDIARISM.

THREE destructive fires occurred on Wednesday night on the Yorkshire wolds. Mr. Anderson, an extensive farmer, residing at Butterwick-on-the-Wolds, had a few friends at his house on Wednesday night—the parties who are sufferers from the present conflagrations were all present,—namely, Mr. Hall, of Butterwick, Mr. Anderson, and Mr. Speak, of Boothroyd. Each of these gentlemen has what is called a "high barn" upon his farm. These "barns" are in reality separate and distinct farmsteads off on the wolds, where cattle are housed, and certain portions of farm produce consumed. Mr. Anderson, about eleven o'clock, went out of the house, but immediately returned and started the company by saying he had seen all his stacks on fire. Others then went out, and Mr. Riley, another farmer, discovered that Mr. Hall's stacks were also burning about a quarter of a mile distant. A third gentleman, also at the same time exclaimed that he saw Mr. Speak's stacks on fire fully half a mile in the opposite direction. Each of the high barns has its regular set of cattle sheds, &c., but only in one (Mr. Anderson's) had any cattle been put up. On going to release them, it was found that previous to firing the stacks the doors of the shed had been thrown open, but as the fire drove directly towards them the cattle refused to face it, and could not be got out. The places, therefore, had to be pulled down from the other side, in order to save the stock. From the first, owing to the great hold of the fires, the bleak position, and general absence of water, it was found utterly impossible to save any portion of the property. On Mr. Hall's farm there were eleven corn stacks, of which six were entirely burnt, along with some of the sheds. On Mr. Anderson's farm the corn, with the exception of one wheat stack, had been thrashed out, but the remaining stack and the whole of the straw were consumed. On Mr. Speak's farm the state of things is precisely as in the last-named, with the addition of the destruction of the buildings. It is stated that Mr. Hall, Mr. Anderson, and Mr. Speak are insured. It is estimated that 700 quarters of corn (wheat, oats, and barley) have been destroyed, and the straw in such a position, is almost invaluable. The damage must be at least £2,000. As to the three fires having been the work of an incendiary there is not the slightest doubt. The three gentlemen whose property is destroyed are all very influential wold farmers of the highest respectability, and not the slightest cause can be assigned for the dastardly acts. On Thursday night, Sergeant Baudou, of Norton, apprehended a man named James Sherwood, alias "Snaffles Jack," on suspicion.—*Manchester Guardian*.

**LARGE LEGACY TO MR. D'ISRAELI.**—We are glad to announce, on the authority of the *Liverpool Courier*, that the lady resident at Torquay, who, it will be remembered, became so great an admirer of Mr. D'Israeli, is just dead, and has left a very handsome legacy to the right honourable gentleman. The amount of the legacy, we believe, is £10,000, and Mr. D'Israeli is also appointed sole executor under the will of the deceased. The lady was in no way related to the Conservative leader, but was an entire stranger to him.

**A CAPITAL CHRISTMAS WRITING-CASE.**—Fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pen-cases and Pens, Blotting-book, &c. **THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL** was "given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 250,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINS and GORRO, 25, Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers.—*Advertisement.*



THE FAMILY OF DARIUS.

**THE FAMILY OF DARIUS AT THE FEET OF ALEXANDER AFTER THE BATTLE OF ISSUS.** This celebrated picture by Paul Veronese, of which the accompanying picture is an engraving, will be found among the collection at the National Gallery. The royal captives, as here represented, having taken Hephaestion for Alexander, the Queen-Mother Sisygambis implores pardon of the conqueror (B.C. 333), who, pointing to his friend, tells her that she has not erred, for that Hephaestion is another Alexander. The picture of the wife of Darius mistaking Hephaestion for Alexander is perhaps the only existing criterion by which to estimate the genuine original colouring of Paul Veronese. It is remarkable how entirely the genius of the painter precludes criticism on the quantities as of the treatment by one of the ministers of Darius, is kneeling in the centre of the picture, Alexander and his generals, Hephaestion and Parmenio, being on Venetian sofas, have, nevertheless, a charming and becoming appearance; while the male figures, in their picturesque attire, look chivalrous, refined, and noble.

It is stated on authority that Paul Veronese, having been detained by some circumstances at the Pisan Villa at Este, painted the work there, which is to be placed in charge of Mr. Thomas Benison, who is to be appointed permanent clerk of the course. Last week his Majesty issued an *ordre* conferring a grant of 250 liras per annum upon the Smyrna Jockey Club, and a similar letter was at the same time addressed to the Governor, desiring him to encourage people in his district to send horses to the Smyrna race.

Getting very fond of horse-racing. The arrangements for the formation of a jockey club in Constantinople are in a forward state, and the list of the members of the committee and the rules will shortly be published. We understand that his Highness Fuad Pasha has sealed to accept the post of president. It is the Sultan's intention to erect a range of racing stables at the race-course at Kishine, which is to be placed in charge of Mr. Thomas Benison, who is to be appointed permanent clerk of the course. Last week his Majesty issued an *ordre* conferring a grant of 250 liras per annum upon the Smyrna Jockey Club, and a similar letter was at the same time addressed to the Governor, desiring him to encourage people in his district to send horses to the Smyrna race.

**THE SULTAN AND THE TURK.—The Sultan appears to be decidedly**

## EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES.

At the Police-court on Thursday, a young man, named Thomas Greenock, who stated that he was a native of Coventry, and a lad of thirteen years of age, who gave the name of Frederick C. Whattler, and was attired in a military cap and Zouave cap, and stated that he was a native of Gravesend, were charged before Mr. R. C. Gardner and Mr. Mills with having stowed themselves away on board the *Etna*, on a voyage from New York for Liverpool. It was stated that Greenock had paid his passage out in the *Etna* to New York, but had stowed himself away on board the vessel on the return voyage. Whattler had stowed himself away in the vessel before. On being asked what he had to say, Whattler said that having a taste for "soldiering" he went to Portsmouth, where he wanted to join the 3rd Buffs, but he could not get enlisted on account of his youth and because he had no friends connected with the regiment. Nothing daunted, he made his way to Southampton, whence he worked his passage to New York as cabin-boy, on board the steamship *Saxonia*. On arriving at New York his desire to follow the profession of arms continued, and he sought the society of those who had been taking part in the "big wars". He was a frequent visitor at a rendezvous frequented by soldiers of the Federal army in New York, and which was called the Soldiers' Retreat. The soldiers, appreciating his youthful military ardour, gave him his rations for some time, and so saved him from starvation. Subsequently he attached himself to one of the batteries of artillery, the soldiers treating him kindly; but there appears to have been some difficulty to his getting enlisted on account of his youth. The boy, however, seems to have been determined, and he was ultimately enlisted in Captain Bruner's G company of the 7th Regiment of Maryland Militia. This regiment was commanded by Colonel Webster, and was attached to General Kelly's brigade. Whattler was made drummer to the G company, and in that capacity took part in all the skirmishes, marches, and bivouacs during the campaign in the valley of the Rapidan, in which his regiment took part. He was also present with his regiment at the important battles of Culpepper, Winchester, and Rapidan. He ultimately fell into the hands of some scouts of the Southern army, was taken prisoner, and forwarded to Richmond, where he was quartered with thousands of other Federal prisoners on Belle Island. The lad gave no very glowing account of the state of things at Richmond, stating that, although himself and the other Federal prisoners were kindly treated, they sometimes had to undergo severe privations on account of the scarcity of provisions, the soldiers in some cases having given valuable watches for a small loaf of bread. After remaining for some time at Richmond, Whattler was liberated on parole, and sent to the Federal lines. After he had been taken prisoner by the Confederates, the captain of his company, not knowing what had become of him, and presuming that he had gone over to the enemy, set him down as being

deserted, and entered him as such in the pay-sheets of the regiment. The consequence of this was that when the lad obtained his liberty he was refused the pay which was due to him, and which amounted to \$4 dollars. As his regiment was about to enter upon another campaign, and as it was considered that he would be unable, on account of his youth, to undergo the fatigue of the long marches which they would have to make, he got his discharge. With some difficulty he made to New York, but on going to his former haunts he found that his late military associates had changed quarters, and as he saw that he could not get chance of gratifying his warlike taste on that side of the Atlantic, and being in a destitute condition, and wishing to get back to England, he stowed himself away on board the steamship *Etna*. He and Greenock were not discovered on board the vessel until they were some distance from land and after the pilot had left the ship, and as it was too late then to send them back they were kindly treated during the voyage, but were handed over to the police on the arrival of the ship at this port. The boy handed up to the bench his discharge from the Federal army, and Mr. Mills, on looking at it, said that it

appeared from it that the lad had been a deserter. This the boy, however, denied again, remarking that he had been taken prisoner by the Confederates. Mr. Gardner observed that he should be sorry to send a sharp lad like him to prison. Mr. Mills asked a gentleman who appeared on behalf of Mr. Inman, the owner of the vessel, whether he had received instructions to press the master against the prisoners; and he was told that no instructions had been given further than to bring them there. The lad Whattler, in reply to the magistrates, said that his father was a gardener at Gravesend, that he was able to keep him, and that if he was sent home he would never go away again. Mr. Gardner said that if he would promise to conduct himself well for the future he would pay his expenses to Gravesend. The lad having given the required promise was discharged, an officer being instructed to accompany him to the railway-station and see him off. The other prisoner, who seemed to be in a destitute, diseased condition, was also discharged with a caution, on the understanding that he would be handed over to the workhouse authorities to be sent on to Coventry. —*Liverpool Albion.*

## THE KING OF DENMARK.

THE ACCOMPANYING portrait is that of Christian the Ninth, the new



THE NEW KING OF DENMARK.

King of Denmark. The King is the father of the Princess of Wales, King of Greece, and a numerous family. King Christian's accession to the throne of Denmark is likely to produce grave political perplexity. The sovereignty of the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein is claimed by the Duke of Augustenberg, and his pretensions are upheld by Prussia and the German Diet. Denmark is prepared to assert her claim to the government of the duchies by force of arms, and hence it is not improbable that hostilities may break forth between Germany and Denmark. The King of the Greeks has renounced his right to the throne of Denmark, and King Christian has only two sons to perpetuate the new dynasty—the Crown Prince Frederick, now twenty; and Waldemar, a child of five.

"THE Emperor," says the *Presse*, "has granted from his privy purse a pension of 6,000f. (£240) a year to the mother of Mlle. Emma Livry, the dancer who was burnt to death, and a sum of 40,000f. (£1,600), to defray the expenses attendant on the lamented artist's illness."

## A VERY STRANGE CASE.

A MYSTERIOUS affair commenced on Wednesday before the Court of Assizes of Montpellier, where a gentleman of fortune, named Armand, residing in that town, was charged with an attempt at murder on the person of his domestic without apparent motive. The latter, whose name is Maurice Roux, was found on the 7th of July last in the cellar of his master's house, lying on the ground in a state of insensibility, his legs tied by a handkerchief and a cord round his neck. The vital heat of the body was almost extinct, and his appearance gave signs of an attempt at strangulation. On being taken to the hospital, he was gradually brought to a state of sensibility, but the organs of speech were completely paralysed, so that when on the next day he was examined by the *juge d'instruction* he was forced to reply to questions put to him by signs. By means of a dictionary, he declared that on the morning of the day in question he was in the cellar, procuring wood for burning, when his master suddenly came behind him, and exclaiming "I will teach you whether my house is a dirty hole," felled him to the ground by a blow on the back of the head with some heavy instrument; the assailant then bound his legs, and encircling his neck with a cord attempted to strangle him. The servant further declared that,

although knocked down by the blow on the head and rendered immovable, he still preserved his mental faculties sufficiently to be aware of what was going on. In this state he remained for ten hours until he was discovered by a female servant of the same household. M. Armand energetically denied the charge, while the servant persisted, even at the moment when his recovery being considered doubtful, the sacrament was administered to him, in his accusation. The excitement caused in the town of Montpellier since the commission of the crime has been intense, and the trial was looked forward to with great interest. The popular feeling against M. Armand was roused to such a pitch that an escort of soldiers was necessary to protect him when taken from prison before the examining magistrate. Dr. Ambrise Tardieu, who was consulted in the interest of the accused, has declared that it is absolutely impossible that Roux could have remained for ten hours in the state in which he was found; that the incendio which he pretends to have maintained after the attack was physically out of the question, and that his dumbness and pantomime was only a gross imposture. The back of Roux's head also bore no traces of the blow he pretended to have received. Rumours of various kinds were in circulation, some alleging a rivalry between the master and the servant in a love affair as a motive for the outrage by the former, while others look upon the accusation as an impudent attempt at extortion by the latter.

A telegraphic despatch from Montpellier, which announces the opening of the trial, states that another attack was made the evening before in one of the streets of the town on Roux's life, and that he is so much injured as to cause the proceedings of

the trial to be put off to another assize.—*Galigani.*

THE COTTAGE HOMES AT SANDRINGHAM.—A great outcry is being made at the present time with reference to the awful state of the cottage homes in Norfolk. It is palpable that the cottages on the newly-acquired estate of the Prince of Wales at Sandringham are in a very bad condition, and utterly inadequate to the wants of the families. It is gratifying to be able to state that his royal highness has evinced a disposition to promptly remedy this state of things. On Sunday week the Prince was graciously pleased to look over some of the cottages in the neighbourhood of Sandringham House, and within the past few days Lieutenant-General Knollys has visited the outlying districts of Wollerton, &c., with the new working steward, Mr. Carmichael, and made a personal inspection of the state of the cottages, and inquiries as to the numbers in family, and other particulars. Orders have been given for immediate repairs to be made, and it is expected that his royal highness will speedily inaugurate a better state of things for his cottagers.—*Express.*

THE FAMILY OF DARIUS AT THE FEET OF ALEXANDER AFTER THE BATTLE OF ISSUS.

THIS celebrated engraving, of which the accompanying illustration is an engraving, will be found among the collection at the National Gallery. The royal captives, as here represented, having mislaid Hephestion for Alexander, the Queen Mother Sisygambis implores the pardon of the conqueror (B.C. 333), who, pointing to his friend, tells her that she is not erring, for Hephestion is another Alexander. The picture of the wife of Darius mistaking Hephestion for Alexander is perhaps the only existing criterion by which to estimate the genuine original colouring of Paul Veronese. It is remarkable how entirely the genius of the painter precludes criticism on the quaintness of the treatment.

THE SULTAN AND THE TURK.—The Sultan appears to be decidedly in love with the horses to the Smyrna race.

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**THE BREAD CONTROVERSY Versus CHEAP and PURE BREAD.**—To have it really so make your own. For adventure in bread see the "Lancet," of February 15, 1863, which shows that many London bakers put from 26 to 150 grains of flour in the 4lb. loaf, and a man who professes to furnish bread of great purity, and adapted for weak digestion, put 83 grains in the loaf. C. GULLIN and CO., Chipping-road, offer their genuine COUNT YELLOUR from the stately mounds. We hear of one who has sold 2000 loaves a day, and of another who has sold 1000. Each loaf weighs 7s. 8d. per bushel, 56 lbs. Forest House-beds 8s. 4d., Superfine Whites 9s. N.B.—14 lbs. of flour make 16 lbs. of bread.

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CONSULTATIONS FREE.

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.

H. W. L. B.

| D. | D. | A. M.                        | F. M.     |
|----|----|------------------------------|-----------|
| 28 | S. | Washington Irving died, 1859 | 8 35 3 52 |
| 29 | S. | 1st Sunday in Advent         | 4 11 4 28 |
| 30 | M. | St. Andrew                   | 4 46 5 4  |
| 1  | r. | Dr. Burke died, 1841         | 5 24 5 43 |
| 2  | w. | Queen Adelicia died, 1849    | 6 3 6 25  |
| 3  | T. | James II abdicated, 1633     | 6 47 7 10 |
| 4  | F. | Westall, painter, died, 1836 | 7 36 8 8  |

MOON'S CHANGES.—Last Quarter, Dec 3 12th 14 n., p.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.

Isaiah 1; John 21.

AFTERNOON.

Isaiah 2; Hebrews 5.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\*\* All communications for the Editor must contain an address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned. To OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and REYNOLD'S NEWSPAPER sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at the Office, 313 Strand.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313 Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from news-vendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. Dicks, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 2d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a pink wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

**OPHELIA**—Shakspeare was married to Anne Hathaway, before the close of the year 1582. He was then only eighteen years of age, while she was considerably older. She died on the 6th of August, 1623, aged sixty-seven.

**L**—Refer to the map. You will at once perceive that England is not an island.

**CURIOUS**—The term *lady* is an abbreviation of the Saxon "laff day," which means "bread-giver."

**HE**—Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth were both born at the palace at Greenwich. The Observatory was first built for Charles II.

**P. T.—Vee**—A man who wears a widow's cap has liabilities upon himself.

**M. B.—Charles M.**—had his first appearance at the Olympic Theatre in two after pieces, "The Hampshire Lover," and "The Old and Young St. George."

**Maria**—Gold fish were first introduced into this country from China, in 1601.

## NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Penny Illustrated Weekly News," 313, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

## THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1863.  
REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

The extraordinary agitation which now prevails in Germany respecting the succession to the Danish Duchies may lead to serious results. No one can read the news which every day brings us without perceiving that there is real danger of a conflict being inadvertently begun. A certain class of the German people have been so long looking forward to this conjuncture, and declaring what they would do when it occurred, that they can hardly let it pass away without at least an attempt to redeem their promises. For nearly twenty years the patriots have been asserting that Schleswig and Holstein must pass from the Danish Sovereign as Hanover passed from England. After smouldering for so many years, the Schleswig-Holstein question has now accordingly burst out into a flame. The right of the King is denied by the professors of the University of Kiel, by the members of the Supreme Court, and other persons of station, and they refuse to take the oath which is tendered to them. A large part of the population of Holstein joins these demonstrations. They have attempted to hold meetings, and it is quite possible that some conflict with the Danish troops may be the result. On the other hand, the Danes appear to be acting with vigour. The acceptance of the Constitutional Act by the new King and his consequent confirmation of the principle that Denmark and Schleswig are one, while it has enraged the German party, has filled the Danish people with joy and excited them to the greatest efforts. Preparations are made for war by land and sea. Several thousand troops have been called out, two frigates and some iron-plated vessels are being equipped, and it is probable that the Government will show no fear even of so powerful an antagonist as the German Federation. Although there is a general opposition to his claim, the King insists on the immediate acceptance of his title, and imposes the oath of allegiance on all officials throughout the Duchy. In the meantime Prince Frederick of Augustenburg is playing his part with sufficient energy. He issues his proclamations, and announces his accession, and finds plenty of sympathy at Frankfort. His declarations are received by the Diet, which refers them to a committee, and appears determined to carry out the policy originated at Gotha by the solemn recognition of the Prince's claim. Less threatening questions have filled Europe with bloodshed, and put everlasting enmity between nations. Some rash proceeding on either side, some aggression on the part of German sympathisers, some riot in the Duchies, some act of perhaps needful or perhaps undue severity on the part of the Danish Government, may bring about a collision. In the German capitals there is evidently a desire to force the Governments to act, and the Governments appear to have no objection to be thus urged forward. The King of Hanover, who is expected to recognize Prince Frederick, is already pressed by a portion of his subjects to hasten the Federal execution. In the Prussian Chamber the rights of the Duchies seem likely to occupy the Liberals more than the domestic struggle which has till now engaged their attention. In Austria and Bavaria nothing appears to be thought about except the alleged tyranny of Denmark, and the best means of rescuing that part of the Confederation which is subject to it.

**T**HE BREAD CONTROVERSY Versus CHEAP and PURE BREAD.—To have it really so make your own. For adventure in bread see the "Lancet," of February 15, 1863, which shows that many London bakers put from 26 to 150 grains of flour in the 4lb. loaf, and a man who professes to furnish bread of great purity, and adapted for weak digestion, put 83 grains in the loaf. C. GULLIN and CO., Chipping-road, offer their genuine COUNT YELLOUR from the stately mounds. We hear of one who has sold 2000 loaves a day, and of another who has sold 1000. Each loaf weighs 7s. 8d. per bushel, 56 lbs. Forest House-beds 8s. 4d., Superfine Whites 9s. N.B.—14 lbs. of flour make 16 lbs. of bread.

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Goodwin, whose lands "sonke sodainly into the sea," "as a mark of the vengeance of heaven against that nobleman," and have remained ever since, not only overwhelmed with huge masses of trembling sand, but become withal "a most dreadful gulf and trap for swallower." Every tar believes, however, that we might at some good purpose in those cruel shoals, and bring to the sea something more valuable than the piece of breech-loading ordnance, which the fishermen in the Gulf Stream hauled up in 1775. It is actually to be done—at least, if a prospectus will do it; if engineers are not too confident; if a brilliant scheme (limited) for "the embankment and reclamation of the Goodwin Sands, and the preservation of life and property," be not an amiable vision, with one million sterlings in the vista of its promoter's rancorous perspective. The idea is worthy of John Martin. It eclipses the Channel Rail, the Giant Balloon, and the Pneumatic Tube. The Goodwin Sands are to be turned into harbours of refuge, in association with a new artificially protected tract of ground, to be called Prince Consort's Island, with fortifications, docks, lifeboat stations, and wharves. Agriculture is to flourish above the grave of a myriad wrecks. Twenty thousand acres of cultured land are to smile upon the sea. A township is to be laid out, and "the company contemplate taking a grant of the Goodwin Sands, to recover the sunken ships and treasures." Here is a golden dream. Shakspeare had a glimpse of it. It haunted the imagination of Shelley. Seamen have talked it over seriously before the mast—have put their heads together to agree how the incalculable wealth that must lie in that bed of sand might be got at. Those ten miles of sand are the mystery of mysteries to all our seafaring classes. In the Historical Register, on Ramsgate Harbour it is affirmed "to be difficult to work a channel bar to the depth of more than six or seven feet in them," because "they are clean and connected, and lie so close, and yet are for ever restless." As we have said, the bold mind of a promoter of a joint-stock company challenges the difficulty, and would at once transform the fatal bed, beneath which lie the spoils of so many gorgeous Indian cargoes, into at once a fertile island, and a vault holding gold and gems in Aladdin-like profusion to the shareholders. But shall we put faith in him, or cling to the belief of the Scottish historian, Hector Boethius, who affirms that the "sodaine and mighty inundation of the sea," which deprived Earl Goodwin of his lands, "will continue for all time to roll with unabated fury?"

## The Court.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, Princess Louise, and Prince Arthur, went on Saturday to be present at the ceremony of laying the first stone of the new church about to be erected at Windsor, which ceremony was performed by the Crown Princess (Princess Royal). The royal party was received on arriving at the spot by the Rev. H. Ellisor, Vicar of Windsor, accompanied by the Bishop of Oxford, the Dean of Windsor, and a numerous body of the clergy. After a prayer had been said the Prince laid the first stone with the usual formalities. The suite in attendance consisted of Countess Hohenholz, Baroness Doveney, Lady C. Charington, the Hon. Horatio Stopford, the Hon. Harry Pitt, Philip, Miss Hildyard, Count Furstenstein, Major von Schweinitz, Major General the Hon. A. Hood, and Colonel H. Ponsonby.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales are expected to arrive at Windsor Castle from Sandringham on Monday on a visit to the Queen—Court Journal.

Her Majesty has made a present of some deer to the Prince of Wales, which will shortly be sent from Windsor Great Park to Sandringham—Court Journal.

The Queen's private band will be required at the Castle the day after the anniversary of her Majesty's wedding day—the 11th February—Court Journal.

Mr. Frith on Monday had the honour of submitting his picture of the "Railway Station" to her Majesty at Windsor Castle.

**EXTRAORDINARY PRESENCE OF MIND**—In a small village near Debreczin, Hungary, there lived a Jew, who kept a shop. On the eve of the Day of Atonement, before joining his co-religionists in their customary devotional exercises, he secretly enjoyed on his daughter, seventeen years old, and his servant, in whose charge he left the house, not to admit any one into the house in the night under any pretence whatever. In the night there was a knock at the window of the girl's room; a peasant demanded admission in order to make some purchases for the funeral of his wife on the morrow, as he urged, but the girl would not admit him. He then knocked, with the same story, at the door, which the servant opened. Instantly he was struck down by the peasant with a hatchet. He then forced open the bedroom door of the girl, and bade her deliver up to him the property of her father, and prepare for death, as he could not allow her to live, lest she should disgrace his name to the authorities. In vain were her entreaties to save her life. "Then, if I must die," she at last said, "let me rather meet a speedy death at my own hands than a slow, lingering and painful one at yours." To this the villain consented, and easily followed by him, she went to the shop, took down from the snuff bottle, opened it, and carried it to her lips. In a trice the contents of the bottle were in the eyes and face of the robber; with a shriek of agony he sank to the ground. The girl was saved. The bottle contained oil of vitriol. The police, who had entered the house at the cry raised by her, found the servant writhing in his deathbed, and the murderer writhing in agony on the ground. The next day he died.

**THE SUPPOSED NANA**—The *Times of India* says:—"The man apprehended at Ajmere as the arch-rebel Nana has been identified as a high priest of the Mahrattas. He still remains a prisoner at Cawnpore, and it is declared determination to sue Government for false arrest and imprisonment."

**L**ATE on Saturday night—half past ten—an accident of a fatal character happened to a poor old lady, named Elizabeth Clark, who lived at 182, Long-lane, Bermondsey. It appeared from the account given of the accident by her husband, that his wife and himself had been to market, and were returning home when and that when crossing over the road by St. George's Church, Borough, a cab coming from London-bridge had knocked him and his wife down, one of the wheels running over his wife's neck and breaking her lower jaw, likewise bruising and very severely. They were taken immediately to St. Thomas' Hospital. When they arrived there they were attended to by Mr. Clarke, the house surgeon, who found that the poor woman was quite dead, her neck having been broken and her lower jaw dislocated. The husband had also his injuries tended to, and was enabled to leave the hospital.

**T**HE Cape and India mails bring intelligence of three serious losses at sea:—The

## THE LATE TRIPLE CAB MURDER.

It will be recollect that at the adjourned inquest held before Dr. Lankester, at St. Mary's Hospital, on the bodies of Mrs. Hunt and her two children, when Harriet Blake, the unmarried sister of the former, was called up to give evidence, she handed to the coroner a packet of letters which she had received during the previous twelve months from the murdered woman. The coroner at the time thought it was unnecessary to read them, but said they might be reserved in case it was felt desirable in the course of the inquiry that they should be referred to. This was not done, and the jury recorded their verdict of "Wilful murder" against the suicide Samuel Hunt. A subsequent perusal of the letters which were placed in the hands of the court proves that had they been read a greater amount of light would have been thrown by them upon the tragical event and the circumstances which led to it than almost all the evidence produced. They are now subjoined, and a perusal of them will not only deepen the interest felt in this horrible murder, but prove beyond a doubt that from the commencement of the year down almost to the period of the murder the unfortunate woman had feared that such would be the end of her career, in consequence of the repeated threats and brutal violence of her worthless husband. That some such suspicion was ever present to the poor creature's mind is evident, as, in addition to her statements as to Hunt's attempt to poison her, she almost invariably concludes with an injunction to her sister to keep her letters. The first letter, enclosed in an envelope, bearing the post-mark the 23rd of January, 1863, is addressed, (as they all are) to "Miss H. Blake, 124, St. John-street, Smithfield, City," and is as follows:—

"Friday, January, 1863.

"Dear Harriett,—I am very unhappy, and sorry to hear you are the same. Been such a dreadful row. I don't know what I shall do. Don't come. He said this morning he shall come and see all our relations to-night, and ask them all to our house, and then they should see how he treated me. John, and Ann, and all should come to-night. So don't, I pray you, any of you come. So unhappy. He calls me such names, and whisted last night a dreadful wish, and then said, 'If he chose to kill me he could do it in such a manner he would not be found out; he could melt me to nothing, all but my hair.' So don't come, if he comes to ask any of you—I pray don't. What shall I do?—and don't you say much to him, for my sake. I hope I shall see you some time or other. Good-bye. In haste.

"P.S.—Don't let him think you know anything. He don't know I have sent this letter, mind."

The next bears the postmark Feb. 27th, and runs thus:—

"Friday, February.

"Dear Harriett,—What am I to do? I wish I knew. I laid down last night before he came home, and he had not a key to get in with, so he had to get in at the window, and I did not hear him. Of course there was a row. He beat my head with both his hands, just like a ball. I have got a black eye this morning. I am not to eat, drink, nor sleep with him again. I cannot be more unhappy than now, I don't think. If you get this in time come over to-night; if not, come over to-morrow morning. If you can come to-night I shall like it. I remain your unhappy sister,

"M. HUNT."

"Ann Cottage, Wellington-road, Coal-harbour-lane, Camberwell, March 11.

"Dear Harriett,—My life has come to such a dreadful thing now I cannot tell what will become of me. Last week he was out two days and one night. Yesterday he came home at a quarter to two in the afternoon, and then our house was a very dreadful scene. I have got my shoulder cut open—in fact, I am bruised from head to foot. He broke a dish by throwing it at me, but I made an escape by holding down my head, and then it went through the window. After that he knocked me down and kicked me in a most fearful manner. I have got bruises all over me, and the second black eye in ten days. Now, suppose you were a wife, would you like your husband to come and tell you he had paid £1 ls. for seats in St. Martin's-churchyard for him and his woman? Now, would you like that? and then to end the day they go to the Lyceum to wind up. Now, you must think it a very good life I lead here. I am in such a fix I don't know what to do. I don't sleep with him. I wish I was anywhere but where I write this letter now. Do come to-morrow night by five o'clock. If I do not see you I must see some one who will take pity on me.

"I remain, your unhappy sister,

"M. HUNT."

The next letter bears date June 16, 1863, and proceeds:—

"Dear Harriett,—I don't think I will be many days before me and William part, and you will try and come and see me before we do?—to-morrow, soon, in the morning. Do come, pray; I am quite broken-hearted. I have plenty of faults, I know, but God knows what I am, and now I am in such a state with blows I can scarcely move. I have got one three inches long. Do come to-morrow morning. If I do not see you to-morrow I will write to you where I go to—I remain, your unhappy sister,

"P.S.—Pray come."

"M. HUNT."

"July 23, 1863.

"Dear Harriett,—I hope you got home before the rain came on. I met William in the Westminster-road, and of course he don't like the last bonnet I made. You remember the one I had on, I dare say—the one I had on Monday—so of course he began to quarrel with me and walk some distance beyond me, so I had to walk very fast to keep up to him, and when he got home he said if he had got home before I did he should have broken the street door open, and then he went on talking, and got in such a rage that I thought I should not have been alive this morning to do this. First of all he jumped up from his tea and took up a knife and thrust it at me, and said he would kill me if I spoke a word to him; and I said I must say what I think, so then he took up a chair and threw it at me. It fell upon my thigh, and this morning I have got a bruise the size of the middle of my hand. So my life is a serious one, and it makes me very unhappy; indeed, I am now all of a tremble when I think how it will end. He threatens me if I say I will do anything, so I don't know what to do. Keep this letter in your possession; do not destroy it. He says I am dissatisfied with everything, but you know better than that; and he says I am dreadful wasteful in everything, and that you know to be false. Mine is a bad life. Perhaps I shall see you over at my house some time this week, in the evening. I am unhappy because I have a great deal more to tell you. I am sorry to have to write such a painful letter to you, but it is not my fault.

"Good-bye, with a heart full of sorry (sorrow), I remain,

"Your unhappy sister,

"M. HUNT."

The postmark on the next letter is July 25:—

"Saturday morning, July 25.

"Dear Harriett,—We got home at eleven o'clock. He said he had been out to supper to a Mr. Monday, a friend of his, so I told him you had come to see me, and you waited till after ten. He has injured his left arm in some way; when he came home he had got it in a sling, so I don't know how that came; but when he came in the bedroom I said, 'Look at my leg,' and he said he wished I had got a dozen more like it (the bruise, I mean); so he said, in a very sneering way, 'I suppose you did not tell every one what I had done?' So he says to me, 'Hold your tongue, I have got an invitation for you, so I did not make any reply, but kept looking at my leg all the time he kept talking. Do not destroy this. Good-bye.'

"August 4.

"Dear Harriett,—I expected you last Friday night, and I kept the lamp burning until nearly ten o'clock, and then I thought you would come on Monday, but I was disappointed. Do you think you can on Wednesday to dinner? I shall be very happy to see you. Do come. I was so very ill on Saturday that I was obliged to

down on my bed all the morning. I could not do anything in the shape of work, and you know how that annoys me. He is just the same; if anything, worse. Never spoken a kind word yet; and my leg is still very painful to me. Saturday night was a very sad night for me. I don't think there are any more happy days for me in store. My life seems quite a blank. I have lived upon hopes for some time, and that has nearly died out; but I don't know who will be first, hope or myself. I write with a sad heart to you. To come on Wednesday to dinner. Come soon. I have a deal to tell you. Now, come Farewell to all for present—Monday night, August 4. P.S.—Keep this."

"Saturday morning, August.

"Dear Harriett,—Dear H., I wrote to you Friday night, and now Saturday morning. I dare say you will wonder why, but Friday night while I were in bed I was taken ill and thought I was going to die, for the pain came on at my heart. I felt I could not breathe for a few minutes, and had to cough and sit up and thump myself and groan, but it went off after some time, and I said to W.—'What shall I do?' and he said, 'Do not alarm yourself; it will be right soon.' Keep this."

"August 29.

"Dear Harriett,—He is just the same. He went on dreadful last night, and I said if my life was not more pleasant we had better separate; and he said, 'Yes, we could have that, but not out of the house.' Mind, I tell you this; I don't think my life is safe with him, and I have thought so for some time. I must not say a word without I receive a blow, and that I do not understand. It was a fearful night last night. He says there is not any law for me, I need not expect that; and the names he called me was such I should not like to say. He dared me to take any proceedings against him, but, nevertheless, I don't think I am safe with him. It's a very sad life, mine. I would sooner be in the workhouse than remain with such a man; but what I am to do I don't know. He has got all my faults by heart, he says; of course not any of his own, but I know his very well. I say good-bye with an aching heart, and it won't be changed until there is a change in some way. Keep this" (on the top of the last side).

"Friday Morning (no date).

"Dear Harriett,—Pray do come over this evening as soon as you can, for I think William is mad. Pray come, for as has killed all the birds this morning (Friday), and I feel quite unsafe with him. Do come! My thigh is very bad. I don't know what to do for the best, for my life is quite a trouble to me through him. Do not destroy this. Do come!"

"Saturday, Sept. 1863.

"Dear Harriett,—I am very ill this morning, and very unhappy. You can ask John what I had better do about the paper I am to agree to. You heard what he said last night—that he should not allow me any money to keep me with; so ask John if he was me whether he would do that. You may tell him I am very badly treated. We cannot go on in the unhappy state we are going on in. There must be some change one way or other—not a word, not a look is right. You can say that I ache very much. Tell J. Hu to send word by you on Monday. I shall expect you either to dinner or in the evening. Do come! If you come in the evening I shall have something to say to you, but come to dinner if possible. You heard the dreadful way he talks to me; it's quite shocking to hear with. I am very unhappy. You heard him say, too, if I died he should send me to the surgeons, and not bury me. There's dreadful talk! There's not any reason in him, see, in anything. So unhappy! Do come; only you to say a word to. Good-bye! With an aching heart. Keep this."

"Monday morning, Sept. 1863.

"Dear Harriett,—Will you come and see me soon as you can this week? If you do not come, I do not think you will ever see me again. I have had a very bad eye; it's just getting better. I thought I should have lost the sight of it; it's very weak now. Do come, if it's only for an hour. I am in great trouble—worse than I ever was. Good-bye. I am, your unhappy sister,

"M. HUNT."

The last letter was written by the unfortunate deceased in October last, only a week or so before her tragical end; but the postmark on the envelope, showing the actual date, is not legible. It was as follows, and appears to foretell her death:—

"Saturday, October, 1863.

"Dear Harriett,—Never let it surprise you when you hear I am dead. I feel quite certain I cannot get on much longer with my husband. He gets worse every day and night of my life. If you knew and could see all—a dog would pity me; but I know you feel for me all you can. I cannot say much in these lines to you, but pity me, and come on Monday. Do not let a shower of rain prevent you. If I do not see you on Monday, I shall think I have not a friend in this world. I wish I was good enough to die, but I must try and make myself good, as what he wants, he says, to see me dead; then he would laugh, and think what a good thing to think I am gone from this world. What will become of me? I speak the truth when I say I shall die with a broken heart. We have all our faults, but I have got more than any one, so he says. I conclude with a sad heart, and my eyes so full I can scarcely see what I am writing to you. I don't think I have a friend; if I have, they should have seen last night—they would pity me. This letter is quite wet with my tears. Keep this."

It will be observed as a remarkable circumstance that throughout the poor woman never once mentions a word about her children.

## FEARFUL CATASTROPHE AT SEA.

THE Spanish papers contain an account, extracted from the Cuba journals, of the destruction of a Spanish steamer by fire attended by fearful loss of life. In its main features the story has a great resemblance to that of the Amazon, which was burnt some years ago on her voyage from Southampton to the West Indies. Like the Amazon, the Spanish steamer (the Mexico) was on her first voyage. She was plying on the line between Vera Cruz and the Havannah, and left the former port on the 12th of October. On the following day, when ninety miles from land, between Capes Catoche and San Antonio, a fire broke out in the cargo, and spread with the greatest rapidity, baffling all the efforts made to check it. The account of what followed is derived from sixteen persons who were saved in one of the boats. They say that they succeeded in launching one of the boats and getting clear of the ship; that they lay off at a short distance, some forty or fifty yards, in order to save others who might have courage to throw themselves into the water. The scene on board in the meantime was most heartrending. Seventy passengers were left on board; the flames were rapidly spreading over the vessel, driving the poor creatures for a short refuge to the poop. The shrieks and gestures of despair of some were mixed with frantic and confused efforts of others to save themselves. These last, acting under the influence of terror and despair, and without order or method, defeated their own object. One boat that was lowered was dashed to pieces against the accommodation ladder. Another, when lowered, got loose from the tackles, and floated away empty. A third, which remained alongside, was sunk by the number who jumped into it. A few minutes after this catastrophe the whole ship was a mass of fire, and after a short time filled and went down. The sixteen persons who had got away in the first boat endured great hardship, and were five days without provisions. They at last reached the shore between the River Legarto and Cape Catoche. Here they fell in with a boat, which conveyed them to Sisal.

"Saturday morning, July 25.

"Dear Harriett,—We got home at eleven o'clock. He said he had been out to supper to a Mr. Monday, a friend of his, so I told him you had come to see me, and you waited till after ten. He has injured his left arm in some way; when he came home he had got it in a sling, so I don't know how that came; but when he came in the bedroom I said, 'Look at my leg,' and he said he wished I had got a dozen more like it (the bruise, I mean); so he said, in a very sneering way, 'I suppose you did not tell every one what I had done?' So he says to me, 'Hold your tongue, I have got an invitation for you, so I did not make any reply, but kept looking at my leg all the time he kept talking. Do not destroy this. Good-bye.'

"August 4.

"Dear Harriett,—I expected you last Friday night, and I kept the lamp burning until nearly ten o'clock, and then I thought you would come on Monday, but I was disappointed. Do you think you can on Wednesday to dinner? I shall be very happy to see you. Do come. I was so very ill on Saturday that I was obliged to

## THE MAIN DECK OF A MAN OF WAR—PREPARING FOR ACTION.

Now that the question of superiority of iron-clad, batteries, and armaments over our old "wooden walls" is so much discussed, an illustration of one of the latter "preparing for action" will not be unacceptable to our readers. Certainly, the naval engagements which have taken place during this disastrous American war have presented some extremely novel phases, but it remains still for our own large and heavy men-of-war to present all those characteristics which have made our navy the foremost in the world. Looking upon the engraving (pages 376 and 377) we can now fully realize the terrible havoc which our fleet recently committed in Kagoshima Bay, when the British squadron, under Vice-Admiral Keeler, C.B., made that destructive attack on the Japanese town from which the Bay takes its name. No wonder, with such a crew as is here faithfully depicted, short work was made of the doomed wooden-house town of Kagoshima, and that it was considered by the Jack-tars on board the respective vessels as little more than child's play. Our engraving represents the beating to quarters preparatory to the action; the chief gunner, a true type of the English seaman, with thumb on the vent-hole, the powder monkeys hurrying with their well-secured charges, and each man at his gun at his respective duty. This action, however, cost us somewhat severely. It appears that at two p.m. the ships formed line to engage in succession, and were gallantly led on by the admiral, than whom a more cool and collected officer does not exist in the service. He led the ship on nobly at 400 yards' range, and in this position remained about three-quarters of an hour, by which time the Japanese had deserted their guns; but while they remained at them their firing was rapid and made with excellent precision, as is evidenced by the damage they inflicted, especially on the *Euryalus*, 51, which being ahead, took the brunt of the fire, and consequently received most damage. At about 2.30, while the shot and shell were flying round like hail, one shell struck the Captain (Josling) and Commander Wilmet, killing both instantly; another burst on the main deck with fearful effect, killing and wounding the officer of the quarters and all the remainder of the gun's crew, except one man. The town took fire shortly after the engagement commenced, and as a matter of course, burnt furiously. The *Havoc* also set fire to five immense junks moored off some factories. As they burnt they drifted on shore, setting fire to the factories also. Towards night the wind had increased to a gale, and at ten o'clock, when the fire was at its height, its extent was over a mile in length. Its breadth, which must have been considerable, could not be correctly ascertained, owing to our being so far off. The destruction of property must have been tremendous. On Sunday morning the town and factories were still burning. The steamers and junks had burnt through and sank, except one of the former, which was sunk by the *Havoc*. At ten a.m. the weather began to clear, when the last offices for the unfortunate dead were performed. At half-past two p.m. the fleet weighed again, and, proceeding under slow speed, commenced shelling the batteries and town as we passed them at long ranges. Not more than twenty shots were fired by the former, all of which fell harmless. The town again took fire further to westward, and their fortifications must have been greatly damaged, the practice from all the ships being excellent.

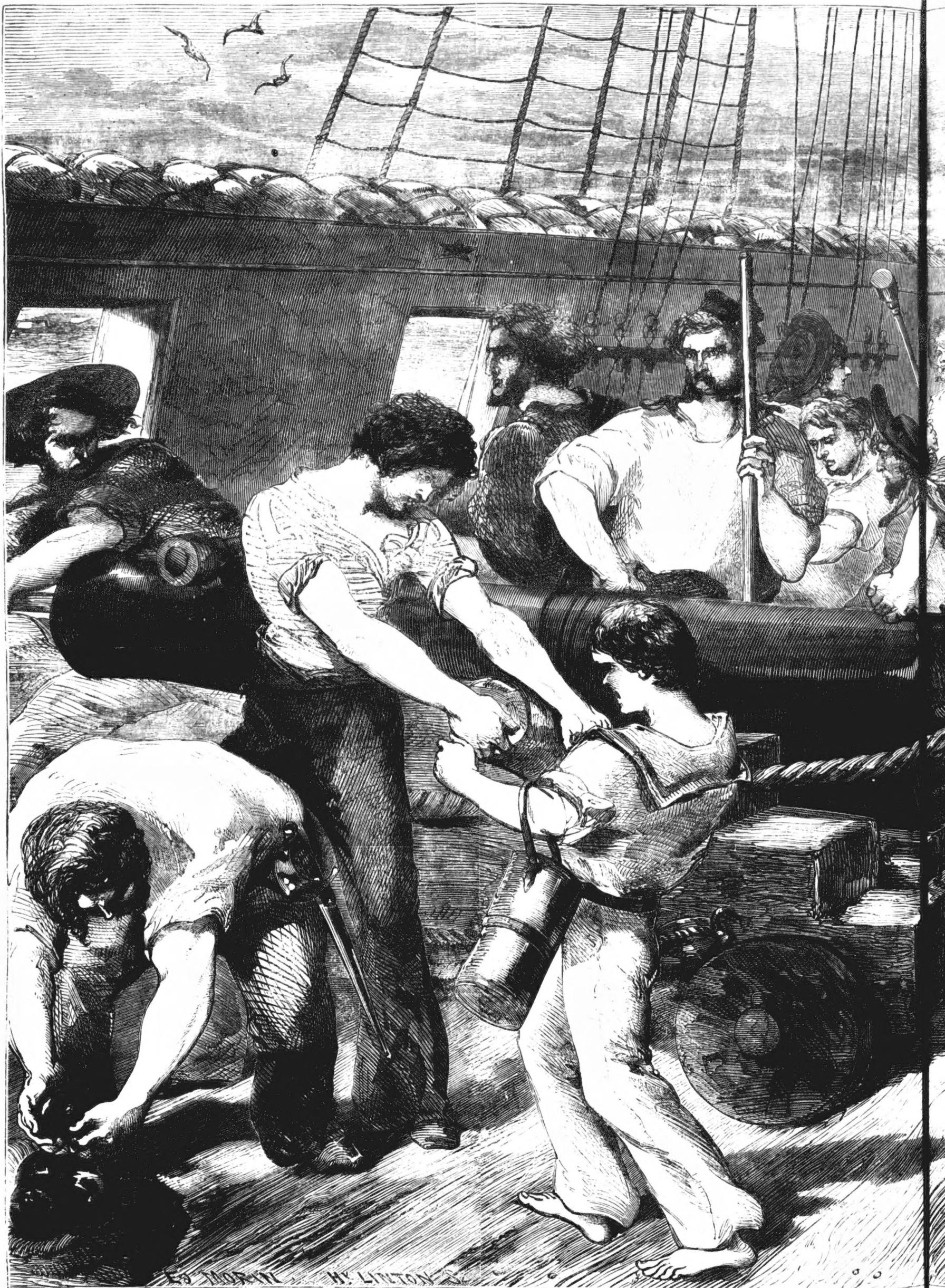
## RUSSIAN PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

*The Times*, under this heading, has a conspicuous notice of the warlike preparations of Russia. Todeleben is superintending the works for strengthening Cronstadt and barring the approach to the Neva. In the channel leading to the back of Cronstadt, about 300 lighters laden with stones have been sunk; in no part is there more than four feet of water. In another channel 300 iron machines are to be laid. On the main island of Cronstadt, seaward, large earthworks are being thrown up; some of these works are to be covered with 7-inch plates, placed at an angle of forty-five degrees, and curved over the top so as to form a cover. Another means of defence consists of a sub-marine boat, in the construction of which about two hundred tons of iron and steel are to be used. Great secrecy is being used about this boat. It is to have engines worked by compressed air; to have a very strong beak, with provision for attaching large cylinders charged with powder to the bottoms of vessels, to be fired by electricity. The parties navigating the vessel will see what they are doing by means of bulls' eyes, and they will be able to regulate the depth at which they swim, generally keeping quite close to the surface. By the 1st of June, 1864, the marine department confidently expects to have at Cronstadt sixteen iron-clad vessels, and they consider this a very poor fleet for such a power as Russia. Enormous exertions are being made to obtain the requisite quantities of guns with suitable ammunition for all the forts, earthworks and the like, and it will perhaps be found that the Russians have really got ahead of England both in guns and shot. Guns are now being produced in about a dozen factories working night and day, and in a few weeks another Elswick will commence. Its production will be solid cast steel guns, from the 6-pounder to the 11-inch gun, which latter is to fire a 50-lb. shell. To provide the necessary shot and shell for these guns, all the foundries round St. Petersburg have orders varying from 15,000 to 50,000 each. The shot and shell from 12lb. upwards are for rifled guns. Round hammered steel shot are also being prepared to suit the naval 50-lb. gun; one firm alone have in hand £10,000 of these. The land artillery forces are also adapting the steel guns for their services. In anticipation of war and the supply of armaments being stopped, two forges are erecting, capable of making 10,000 to 12,000 tons per year of armour-plates. Large supplies of salt-petre have been purchased during summer, and powder works have been extended and are working night and day. Flour has been very largely bought for delivery in February, and for those places to which the ordinary route is by water, in spring. Extra prices are being paid for winter delivery. A two years' supply of coal has been provided for the fleet.

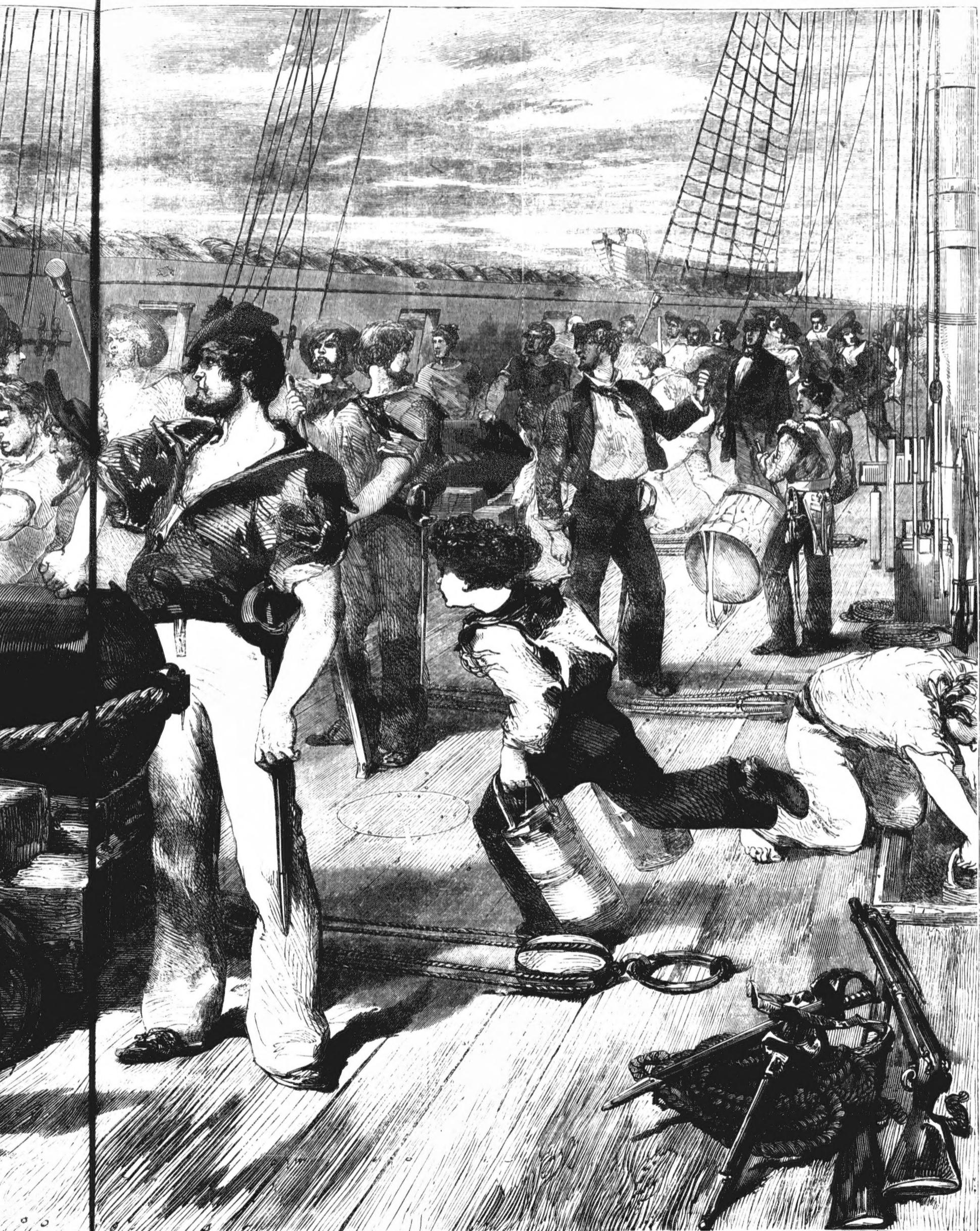
A STRANGE STORY.—Sir James Graham, in the last week of May, 1834, with great regret left the Cabinet of Earl Grey, to whom he was much attached, and surrendered the high office of First Lord of the Admiralty, which was very agreeable to him, on account of the decision of the Cabinet to entertain the question of appropriation of Church property to secular purposes. In the first week in June, 1834, Mr. George Blamire, a native of Cumberland, differing from Sir James Graham as to politics, and very much opposed to him—a barrister of Lincoln's-inn—appears to have been so pleased with Sir James Graham for abandoning office and quitting his party upon principle, urged by a conscientious sense of duty, that he then made his will, leaving to Sir James Graham absolutely all his real and personal property, worth, perhaps, £40,000. Mr. George Blamire died in the summer of 1863, and his will has been proved, but Sir James Graham having died in October, 1861, the legacy lapsed, and Mr. George Blamire's property will be divided among his next of kin.

THE JOY AND THE PAIN.—Health is joy, freedom from pain is happiness to the suffering; but to endure its pangs night and day—to be constantly racked and torn with an incessant cough, is pain indeed. Then, if you would drive off the pain, and secure the joy, procure a bottle of Herd's Lung Restorer at one, or in coughs, colds, asthma, hoarseness, sore throats, bronchitis and consumption, the Rev. J. Prosser, says, "I never knew one solitary instance of its failure." Sold in bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each, by most chemists.—Advertisement.

ADVICES from Copenhagen state that the coronation of King Christian IX will take place in that city in the month of January, with great pomp and solemnity.



THE MAIN DECK OF A MAN OF WAR.



A MAN OF WAR—PREPARING FOR ACTION. (See page 375.)

## Theatricals, Music, etc.

**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.**—The production of Balfe's new opera, "Blanche de Nevers," at Covent Garden Theatre, on Saturday evening last, drew, as might have been anticipated, a full and critical audience to witness its first performance; and as four pieces were enthusiastically encored in the first act, the most sanguine expectations augured a triumphant success for the opera, even at that early period, although it doubtless appeared strange to many that no overture ushered the rising of the curtain. Probably the very effective sipsy chorus, which opens the first act, might have seemed all-sufficient for that purpose. This chorus introduces us to the first beautiful soprano piece from Zillah (Miss Anna Hiles), "Would you learn the Will of Fate?" which gained a warm encore; as did also a duet which followed between her and Gouzague (Mr. Weiss), "When I Think of the Days that are Gone." The gem, however, of the first act is from Blanche de Nevers (Miss Louisa Pyne) "There is a Void within my Heart." This was beautifully rendered, and the music, charmingly pretty, affords admirable scope for that exquisite taste in English ballad singing so long identified with Miss Pyne. Another duet, for two sopranos, between Zillah and Blanche, gained the fourth encore, and a most effective quartette brought to a close the first act, which, as before observed, raised great expectations for the succeeding ones. These however, were certainly not realised as far as the second act was concerned. Many of the pieces in it were, in fact, tedious, and but for the pretty tenor song by Legardere (Mr. W. Harrison), "Wilt thou Think of Me?" would be still more so. This was encored, as also a buffo song from Peyrolles (Mr. Rouse), which is decidedly not great, nor is its title very commendable—"Oh, what an unfortunate Humbug am I!" The third act brightens up again, especially with the sweet and gracefully flowing ballad by Miss Pyne, "As Sunlight beaming on a Summer Lake," which was deservedly encored. This was followed by a brilliant duet, for soprano and tenor (Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison), "Must we part, and that for ever?" It is full of melody, was exquisitely rendered, and unanimously encored. It is decidedly the gem of the opera; and the whole act itself redeems in great measure much that was anticipated in the second. The fourth act is still more effective, and several encores were awarded to the principal pieces. Among the most noticeable were the soldiers' chorus, remarkably spirited; a drinking song, "The Old Vine Tree," sung by Mr. Weiss; another beautiful tenor song, "Oh! my Soul's Treasure;" a soprano air, "As some lone Traveller;" a bass song, "Friendship;" and a charming and effective duet, with harp accompaniment, "For Evermore—for Evermore." This, with the usual rondo, brought down the curtain amidst the utmost applause; and, if we take this applause as a manifestation of success, then must we say the opera was eminently so, although the plot is much too elaborate and too sensational for the tragic stage, and Mr. Balfe must have experienced considerable difficulty in adapting the same to music. Even under its old title, as "The Duke's Motto," and in the hands of Mr. Fechter, the same fault was clearly recognisable—and how much more so must it be, when placed upon the stage as an opera, without the opportunity of the explanatory speaking passage? That Mr. Balfe has succeeded in his difficult task, as far as the requirements of most beautiful music are concerned, three calls before the curtain amply testify. Mr. Mellon, the conductor, also received a well-merited call, and the same tribute was deservedly paid to the principal performers at the end of each act. Miss Louisa Pyne, as the heroine, was in exquisite voice and sang as sweetly as could be desired. Mr. Harrison was also particularly effective, and sang with his accustomed taste and judgment. Indeed the whole of the artists acquitted themselves admirably. The ball scene is also specially worthy of mention; and the whole opera has been placed upon the stage in a style fully in keeping with the high position of the English Opera House.

**DRURY LANE.**—"Manfred" still continues its very successful career, and the ardour of the playgoing public to see this great scenic piece is by no means diminished. "Beauty and the Beast," and the screaming farce of "My Heart's in the Highlands," make up the other attractions.

**STRAND.**—A new farce, under the title of "My New Place," was brought out here on Monday evening last, with the primary object, we presume, of bringing the author, Mr. A. Wood, still more prominently before the public. This gentleman, who is from the Bath and Bristol theatres, and recently performing for a short period at the Adelphi, has now transferred his services here, hence the opportunity of producing this very trifling farce, which we should imagine few managers would have scarcely deigned a glance. However, by the lively, but by no means great, acting of Mr. Wood, he succeeded in provoking the utmost laughter throughout, and thus far the farce was successful. As to its merits, we have little to say for it. Broad puns, and still broader allusions, abound in it; and it seemed, the broader they were, the greater laughter they produced; and if the prevailing taste is still to be fed, we know not to what extent they will go to raise the loudest laugh. The simple plot of the piece is, that Tom Larkspur (Mr. A. Wood) manages to obtain entrance into the boarding-school establishment of Miss Virginia Verjuice (Mrs. Manders) who has a thorough horror of the opposite gender, and is particularly strict on all points relating to propriety. It is to escape her lynx-eye, while in search of his young lady-love, that he assumes various disguises, such as a servant girl, &c., where he sings and dances with considerable spirit. Miss Fanny Hughes looked pretty and saucy in the extreme; Mrs. Manders maintained her frigid and dignified verjuiceness admirably; and Mr. Danvers threw into his small part considerable quiet humour.

**THE VICTORIA.**—On Monday evening last a drama, founded on the beautiful tale of "The Chimes," just completed in the highly popular periodical of Bow Bells, was produced at this theatre with success. The scenery, by Mr. Fenton, was exceedingly pretty and most effective, realising all that could be desired by the author. We wish we could say the same of the dresses. To say that they were bad in the extreme is not too strong a term for several of them. To appear again, after a supposed lapse of five years, in precisely the same dresses, and where a change of position in life would warrant a change for the better in dress, is a matter which certainly should not be overlooked. The banqueting scene was also very poor, the accessories to it being exceedingly meagre and common-place. Occasionally, through the piece, we hear the sound of Bow bells; and these, managed properly, by a set of eight bells, as we have heard elsewhere at the side-wings, give a pretty and at times a sensational effect. Not so at the Victoria. In the orchestra there are four small, tinkling bells; and when these are sounded, they realise in reality, not the sublime, but the extreme ridiculous. Better discontinue these altogether, unless managed with proper effect, than mar what would otherwise be effective. Neither does the water-scene, although pretty, come up to our expectations. Having thus spoken of the demerits in placing "The Chimes" on the stage, we can now turn with greater pleasure to the acting. This was decidedly good. Mr. Basil Potter, Mr. F. Villiers, Mrs. Daley, and Miss Bowring, may be specially mentioned. Each part was sustained with consummate judgment, taste, and feeling; so much so, that in the scene of Hilda's return home, there was scarcely a dry eye in the house. We predict for "The Chimes" a good run; and, but for the marring effects first alluded to, the great success which it achieved would have been still greater.

**GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.**—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, in their very clever and highly amusing entertainment of

"Jessie Lee," still draw largely on the patronage of pleasure-seekers. There are few places where a more delightful evening's amusement can be found than here.

## General News.

DURING the last three months much has been done by the Russians, not only in strengthening Cronstadt, but also in fortifying the entrances to the Neva, in building gunboats, batteries, &c.

On the 14th of January next, Messrs. Cunard, Wilson, and Co., of Liverpool, will offer the steamship Great Eastern for sale by auction, by order of the mortgagees.

The following were consumed at the ball given to the officers of the Russian fleet at New York, viz.:—12,000 oysters, 10,000 pouleets, and 2,000 pickled; 12 monster salmon, 30 lbs. each; 1,200 game birds; 250 turkeys; 400 chickens; 1,000 lbs. of tenderloin; 100 pyramids of pastry; 1,000 large loaves; 3,500 bottles of wine.

On Saturday night, in the pit of Drury Lane Theatre, during the farce of "My Heart's in the Highlands," a married woman, named Stevens, gave birth to a child, causing great confusion. The child was dead.

It appears from the Board of Trade returns that on the Great Western Railway there was not a single passenger killed or injured in 1862, out of more than eight millions and a half of passengers.

The papers announce that the late King of Denmark's morganatic wife, the Countess Danner, is about to leave that country, and take up her residence with some relatives in the Prussian district of Minden.

ANOTHER fleet of Russian vessels is expected to arrive in our harbour shortly. It is reported that four line-of-battle ships, four first-class steam frigates, and four smaller vessels, left Cronstadt and Sebastopol on the 18th ult., bound for the United States.—*New York Paper*.

A SINGULAR instance of death from lock-jaw occurred at Exmouth. A lad, named Dabridge, working for Mr. Staples, of North-street, had injured his foot by treading on a nail, and afterwards straining himself in endeavouring to carry a sack of corn, lock-jaw ensued, which caused his death.

A MAN-OF-WAR, to be called the Dunderberg, is now building at New York. She will be the most powerful man-of-war afloat. She is 378 feet long, 68 feet wide, and 32 feet deep. The armour on the side is 6½ feet thick of timber, and 4½ inches thick of iron. On the casemate it is 3 feet of wood, and 3½ inches of iron. She will have two turrets, with two guns of heavy calibre in each. She will have six broadsides and two pivot guns in the casemate. Her rig will be half-mast, with yards and sails. The forward part of the vessel, for 50 feet, of solid timber and iron, constitutes the ram. The engines are 6,000 horse-power, which will propel her, probably, sixteen miles an hour.—*American Paper*.

The Bombay, 67, screw steam line-of-battle ship, 2,872 tons, 400-horse-power, belonging to the second division of the Sheerness steam reserve, was removed on Monday from Sheerness Harbour to Chatham Dockyard by the Locust and Chatham steam tugs, to be fitted and got ready by the middle of March next for service as a flagship. It is rumoured that her station will be the coast of Brazil, and that she will carry the flag of Rear-Admiral the Hon. Charles G. J. B. Elliot, C.B.

A YOUNG man was shot in the thigh by a woman on the 4th inst., as he was walking along Greene-street, New York. The woman was immediately arrested, and it turned out upon examination that the man was unknown to her; she "was trying to shoot another man at the time," but taking ill aim hit a stranger.

THESE are living in Marulan, in this colony, two persons, husband and wife, aged respectively one hundred and eleven and one hundred and seven years. They are extremely feeble and bed-ridden, but are in possession of both sight and hearing. The old man arrived in the first fleet in 1788, and has consequently been seventy-five years in the colony of New South Wales.—*Sydney (N.S.W.) Empire*

THE medical returns in Paris for the month of October give an extraordinary increase of rheumatism. The hospitals are full of patients suffering from what a few years ago was called an "English disease." The Paris climate for six weeks has been more variable than it ever is even in England; and the number of "severe colds" may be judged from the fact that, one night last week, a *salon* which is generally crowded with all that is fascinating and agreeable contained the host and hostess and one visitor—all the rest of the society being in bed.

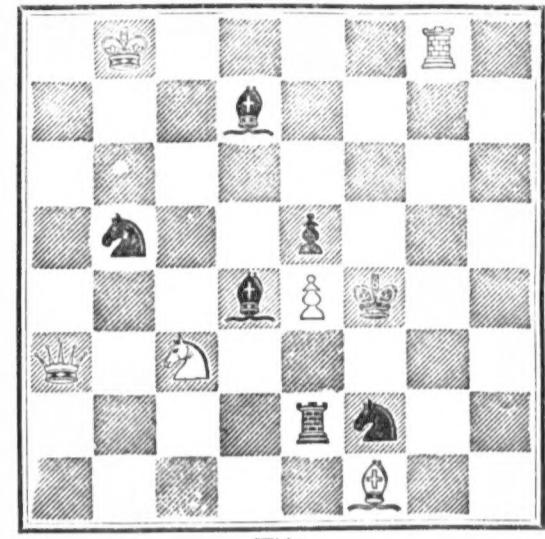
"LORD DUNDREARY" AND THE BATH HAIRDRESSER.—Mr. Sotherton, the celebrated actor, figured in a somewhat unpleasant incident on Saturday. At Bath, going into the shop of a fashionable hairdresser, the assistant, while waiting upon his customer, did his utmost to amuse him by gossiping about subjects of his cloth are fond of relating to those who have to undergo their manipulation. Amongst other subjects he talked upon the theatre, and after telling the famous actor (who was of course unknown to him) that Mr. Sotherton was announced to appear on the Bath stage that evening in his popular character of "Lord Dundreary," he asked whether that gentleman intended to patronise the player. Mr. Sotherton replied that he had some intention of so doing, adding that he had come to Bath for the express purpose. Imagining that the person he was speaking to would be pleased with full information concerning the notable personage, the assistant went on to inform him that Mr. Sotherton was an exceedingly clever individual, that his impersonation of the idiotic artist was inimitable; in fact, that he was the greatest performer of the day. "But," and here the knight of the comb and brush paused in his work and spook his head sadly, and spoke in a tone of regret—"but, sir, he is a great scamp, a great scamp, sir. He ran away from home, ruined his parents by his extravagance, turned his family out of doors and brought his father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." If not these words, to this purport did the hairdresser gossip, assuring his patient hearer that the melancholy circumstances of Mr. Sotherton's unflinching conduct were strictly correct. Mr. Sotherton's son, an intelligent youth of some nine or ten summers, had accompanied his father to the fashionable establishment, and had listened with considerable astonishment to the assistant's garrulous scandal. At the conclusion of the narrative, he smilingly asked his father whether he had ever seen this naughty actor. Mr. Sotherton replied that he certainly had seen him in America, but had never heard so extraordinary a story about him before. Had the actor made himself known he would have covered his libeller with shameful confusion. He spared the man the mortification the discovery would have caused him, but will not readily forget the title-tattling incident of the Bath barber.—*Brighton Times*.

NO HOME COMPLETE without a WILCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family machine. Prospectus free on application at No. 135, Regent-street [Advertisement].

HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.—The best way of living on this good old maxim is to take care that all the Bread, Puddings, and Pastry consumed by you are made with BONWICK'S BAKING POWDER, as directed by the Queen's private baker; by so doing you will avoid suffering from indigestion, and greatly economise your household expenditure.—[Advertisement].

## Chess.

PROBLEM No. 145.—By MR. T. SMITH.  
Black.



White to move, and mate in three moves.

Game between two strong players, Messrs. R. and B.

|                     |                         |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
| White.              | Black.                  |
| Mr. R.              | Mr. B.                  |
| 1. P to K 4         | 1. P to K 4             |
| 2. Kt to K B 3      | 2. Kt to Q B 3          |
| 3. B to Q B 4       | 3. B to Q B 4           |
| 4. P to Q Kt 4      | 4. K B to Q Kt 3        |
| 5. P to Q B 3       | 5. P to Q 3             |
| 6. P to Q 4 (a)     | 6. P takes P            |
| 7. P takes P        | 7. Q B to K Kt 5        |
| 8. Q B to Q Kt 2    | 8. Kt to B B 3          |
| 9. P to Q R 4       | 9. P to Q R 3           |
| 10. P to Q R 5      | 10. B to Q R 2          |
| 11. P to Q Kt 5     | 11. P takes P           |
| 12. K B takes Kt P  | 12. Castles             |
| 13. B takes Q Kt    | 13. P takes B           |
| 14. Castles (b)     | 14. Kt takes K P        |
| 15. Q to Q 3        | 15. B takes K Kt        |
| 16. Q takes B       | 16. P to Q 4            |
| 17. Q to Q 3        | 17. P to K B 4          |
| 18. Kt to Q 2       | 18. Q to K B 3 (c)      |
| 19. Kt to K B 3     | 19. P to Q B 4          |
| 20. Kt to K 5       | 20. P to Q B 5          |
| 21. Q to Q 2        | 21. Q to K 3            |
| 22. K to R square   | 22. R to K B 3          |
| 23. K R to K square | 23. R to K R 3          |
| 24. K B to K 3 (d)  | 24. P to Q B 4          |
| 25. Kt to K B 3     | 25. P takes Q P         |
| 26. Kt takes P      | 26. Q to K 4            |
| 27. Kt to K B 3     | 27. Kt to Kt 6 (ch) (e) |
| 28. K takes R       | 28. Q takes R           |
| 29. Q to K 5        | 29. Q to K 5            |
| 30. Q to Q B 3      | 30. Q to K Kt 5         |
| 31. Kt to K R 4     | 31. R to K B square     |
| 32. R to K square   | 32. K R to K B 3        |
| 33. R to K 5 (g)    | 33. P to K B 5          |
| 34. Q to K B 3 (h)  | 34. Q takes Q           |
| 35. Kt takes Q      | 35. P takes P           |
| 36. R takes Q P     | 36. P takes P (ch)      |
| 37. K to K B square | 37. R to K R 3          |
| 38. B to Q 4        | 38. B takes B           |
| 39. R to Q B 3      | 39. R to Q B 3          |

White resigns.

(a) We believe P to Q 3 is a sounder move at this moment in the Evans' evaded.

(b) White cannot save the K P; for if he had played Kt to Q 2, Black would have taken K P with Kt all the same, following up with R to K square, &c., if Kt take Kt

(c) Threatening a dangerous march with Q B P, which White overlooked.

(d) White's position is very dangerous: had he played P to K B 3, Black would have taken Kt with Q, &c., threatening to checkmate by Kt to Kt 6 if the Q was captured.

(e) Kt takes K B P (ch), followed by Q takes R, would also have given Black the game.

(f) White's best move by far; had he taken the Q, Black would have retaken P with B, regaining Q with an easy game.

(g) R to K 7 would have been better, perhaps.

(h) This seems to be White's only move.

## Sporting.

## BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

THE DERBY.—20 to 1 agst Forager (t); 1,000 to 30 agst Holly-fox (t); 1,000 to 30 agst Apennine (t); 1,000 to 30 agst Historian (t); 12 to 1 agst Lord Glasgow's lot (t).

EXTRAORDINARY TROTTING MATCH.—A few days ago one of the most remarkable matches ever known was run in the north. The conditions were to trot from Newcastle to Thirsk and back, 120 miles, for £80. The ponies are the property of a Mr. Coleman, of Gateshead, and Mr. Pinkney, of Newcastle, and are both renowned as fine trotting performers. The match was made between the two owners, to start, yoked to the light carts they usually run about town, from the High Level-bridge in Newcastle to Thirsk, and return the following day. A start was made at seven a.m. Coleman's pony reached Durham a few minutes in advance, and after a brief rest the race was resumed. Coleman's pony reached Darlington ten minutes before the other, and Thirsk at 1.40 p.m., twenty minutes before Pinkney's pony appeared. The average pace had thus been about nine miles an hour, and it is said neither pony was at all distressed. On the following morning at seven o'clock the race was resumed. Pinkney's pony was allowed a considerable start, but was overtaken and beat into Darlington by several minutes. Again Coleman allowed his adversary a good start, but reached Durham considerably in advance, whence he had the road to himself, taking it easy to Newcastle, reaching the bridge at four p.m. Here the police examined the pony, but found him not suffering from any exhaustion from this extraordinary fast. Pinkney's pony being beat before getting to Durham gave up the contest, and did not reach Newcastle for several hours.

### Who and "lice,

## ILLINOIS COURTS

322 *Journal of Health Politics*

BOW STREET

"WOLF" IN LAMB'S CLOTHING.—"ONLY A SHILLING."—Alfred Field, known to Mr. Thomas Holymon, who keeps the Archetype public-house in Chancery-lane, Clerkenwell, was brought up on remand, charged with stealing money from his master's till. Mr. Holymon stated that the prisoner was his servant at a salary of £30 a year. He had for some time been absent from his till, and suspecting the pilferer, he watched him throughout the period between the parlour and the bar. The prisoner was seen to go in wiping the counter, and Mr. Holymon saw him "dabbing" with the cloth in a recess near the till where there was some silver. He then took the cloth in a very swift. In the bottom of the well was a piece of leather which would pull the coins from "clicking" against the bottom of the well. He then went upstairs. In his absence Mr. Holymon went to the parlour and examined it between the cloth and the leather he found a coin. He then took out the cloth, passed something to his waistcoat pocket, and went on wiping the counter with the leather. Mr. Holymon then held in a policeman's hand, 329 A, and in his presence said to the prisoner what money he had. The prisoner replied, "Only a shilling." At the same time taking one from his pocket, and handing it to the constable. Mr. Holymon said, "If it is marked across the head it is mine." The officer examined it, and found that it was so marked, and Mr. Holymon demanded it as his property. The prisoner, who deserved his fate, was committed for trial.

WESTMINSTER

**A FEROCIOUS FEMALE.**—**L**ouis Hacker, a powerful woman, was charged with the following disgraceful outrage: William S. Burgess, a silversmith, said he was standing at 411½ feet before twelve on Sunday night in Cadogan place, conversing with Miss Matilda Burney, when the defendant suddenly crossed from the other side of the way, and made observations upon them both of a very shameful description. Complainant told her she ought to be ashamed of herself, upon which the defendant attacked and struck Miss Burney. The police were called, and she was then given into custody, but not until she had repeated the assault. Defendant said she was the person ill-used; she had been most disgracefully knocked about by complainant, the young woman Burney with him, and the police. Matilda Burney said that she was keeping company with Burgess, and was talking on him on Sunday night when the defendant crossed the road, and used filthy language, after which she struck Burgess, and then gave witness a blow on the chest. witness returned it by a blow in the nose. Elijah Ambrose, 101 B, said that he saw the defendant strike both complainants. She was struck and very violent. He took her to the station. Robert Macka, 102 B, said that whilst at the station this defendant struck him with the slightest provocation. Another assault was also proved against her. Mr. Siffre asked witness at the inquiry, *any woman if they knew anything of her?* They both said they did not. The police said that defendant was well known at Kensington as a *bad* woman. Mr. Siffre said he should take into consideration that defendant had received some severe injuries. Her conduct had been most disgraceful, and he should fine her £3, or commit her for one month.

OF IMPOSING UPON THE BELEVOLENT.—Ellen Smith was charged with having used her influence to obtain a charitable contribution from the Hon. and Rev. Mr. L. C. Lowell, steward of St. Paul's, Bridgewater. Mrs. T. L. Smith, the mother, and said that the prisoner had lodged with her, once or twice, during the winter, after conduct while in her home was that of a very disorderly, well-mannered young woman. She believed that prisoner had tried hard to obtain a living by her looks, and was confident that she was in very poor circumstances. Witnesses had not written the recommendation found upon the prisoner, but it was the character or certainty should have given it her if she had requested it. It was here stated, that in order to obtain some menial work, prisoner had falsely represented that Miss Fuller, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Fuller had recommended her. The Hon. and Rev. Mr. Lowell begged it to be understood that he had no desire to press this matter against the accused. The prisoner said she was not a beggar. If she had made use of any false representations, it was with a view of getting work; she could not starve. Mr. Selfe, in looking over her papers, said it appeared clear to him that she, if married, held a very respectable position in a gentleman's family in Boston. The prisoner said that on reference to the parties, who were now living in Boston, it would be found to be the case. She fell into distress, and although there were many efforts made to reform women who had left the path of virtue, a woman should like many who had not committed any such a malignant starry. She did not choose to go into a work house to her with the lowest of heres. Mr. Selfe said it was evident she preferred living in Boston to obtain a living. If her case had been represented to the other clergymen, would have been attended to. He should now discharge her, but he hoped this would be a warning to her. She must now go about uttering imprecations in this way, and if brought again before him he would certainly put her in a place of confinement.

GLENBROOK HIGH

Mr. SAYERS AGAIN.—WILFUL DAMAGE TO HIS GARDEN, AND IMPRISONMENT WITHOUT A JURY.—Mary Ann Donovan, who has figured at the police-court on various occasions, and who describes herself as a married woman, aged 32, Pratt-street, Camberwell, was charged with wilfully destroying a quantity of chrysanthemums and other plants, worth £2, the property of Thomas Ayer, ex-employee of the publishing firm in England, at 11, Bellevue Cottages, Camberwell. The prisoner was further charged with being drunk at the time. A police-constable said that shortly after twelve o'clock he was on duty in Camberwell-street, and seeing the prisoner loitering about in the front of Mr. Sayers' garden, and knowing that she had been previously charged with wilfully destroying a number of Mr. Sayers' plants, he asked her what she wanted, and the reply that she was waiting to see her husband. A short time after he perceived that a number of plants had been pulled up in the prosecutor's garden. He saw her again and watched her, and saw her go into prosecutor's garden, and when he went there he saw the prisoner with a plant and a pot in her hand, which she threw on the ground. She had taken four pots out of an ornamental vase, and had thrown them on the paths and broken them. The

**magistrate:** When did the defendant come out of prison? The constable replied: On Monday last. The complainant said the defendant had torn his garden all to pieces. She had torn all the plants from the ground, and had done damage to the extent of about £2. The magistrate: Can you account for the defendant's being in such a manner? This is the second time. Do you know her? Mr SAYER: Not more than a child. I cannot account for her having been in any way. The magistrate, to defendant: How do you get your living? The defendant: I am married, but I decline to name the person. It is a very rare one, I think. The magistrate to the constable: Was the defendant so drunk that she did not know who she was about? The constable stated that she knew what she was about and made use of dreadful language. The magistrate, to the defendant: Can you pay for the damage? The defendant: I did no damage, and shall therefore pay for none. The magistrate said that there could be no doubt but that the defendant was a very malicious person, and he should not send her to the House of Correction for three months, with hard labour. He could tell her that she was liable to six months' hard labour. If she again went to the complainant's and acted as she had done, he should send her for trial and if she was found guilty, she would be liable to be kept in penal servitude for four years. People were not to have their property destroyed if with intent or reason by malicious persons like the defendant, and she had better be careful how she acted for the future.

## MARLBOROUGH-STREET

A POLICEMAN'S CURSE FOR FIRS.—William Booth, a dirty-looking fellow, was charged with being found in the area of the house of the Earl of Lucan, 36, South-street, St. George's, for an unlawful purpose. Hedges, 41 Q, said that on the previous afternoon he was called to the residence of the Earl of Lucan, and on going down into the area he found the prisoner lying down as if in a fit. He called the servant to bring him a pail of water, and as soon as the prisoner heard the word "water" mentioned he looked up as fresh as he then appeared in court. Mr. Yardley supposed there was a little hydrocephalus, and asked the prisoner what he had been. Prisoner said he had been a soldier, and the sun had affected him. He was down the area for the purpose of beggary, having come from Macclesfield to get his discharge received at the Horse Guards, having lost it. Mr. Yardley asked the prisoner when he was discharged, and where it was that the sun affected him. Prisoner said he was discharged three years ago and had been with his regiment, the 33rd, to India. Mr. Yardley inquired what part of the prisoner answered "India," and in answer to further questions the prisoner said that he went afterwards to Umbullah, but he had to leave because it was from Cutchay whether 100 or 500 miles, and said it might be 1100. The Earl of Lucan's servant said the prisoner came to the house and begged, and as he would not leave he was obliged to get the assistance of a constable. Mr. Yardley committed the prisoner for fourteen days. Prisoner asked the magistrate to let him off. Mr. Yardley said the prisoner had got hold of the names of two places in India, but knew nothing about them, and a man who lived by lying he could not let off; and if the prisoner came before him again the punishment would be more severe.

**VIRAGO.**—Elizabeth Gilham was charged before Mr. Yardley with violently assaulting and breaking one of the ribs of a woman, named Hannah O'Brien, residing in Old Brook-court, near Fitzroy-market. Inspector Hubbard said that the injured woman was unable to speak. It appears that about two in the morning the police were called by Hannah O'Brien to the court when she said that the prisoner Elizabeth Gilham had struck her on the head with a brass candlestick. The police, seeing the woman's head bleeding, went to take Gilham into custody, when she refused to go, and there was a scene of the most violent disturbance. A man named Langdon interfering to prevent the police taking the prisoner (Gilham) into custody, and the police being surrounded by a number of roughs, who struck them. While the constable who had Gilham in custody left her for a moment to assist his brother constable, Gilham again struck at O'Brien and kicked her in the ribs, and on her being taken to the hospital, it was found that one of the ribs had been broken. Mr. Yardley remanded the prisoner Gilham for a week. The man Langdon was then charged with assaulting the police, his conduct being so violent that one of them was compelled to use his staff. Langdon, who had received a very severe blow on his head, complained of the constable striking him. Mr. Yardley said that any injury he (Langdon) had received was the result of his own misconduct. He (Mr. Yardley) was glad to see that the staff was not often used, but it was given to the constables for their protection when surrounded by an unruly mob. Langdon said he was carried to the hospital and was half an hour unconscious. He wished to call a witness to speak of the treatment he received. Mr. Yardley remanded him for a week.

WORSHIP STREET

A DANGEROUS FOREIGNER.—Justus Ziegler, a respectable-looking German of 23, was charged with wilfully discharging a loaded pistol at Mr John Baldwin, a master shipwright, of Hart's-lane, Spital-fields, and also with an assault upon the police. Mr. Vann appeared for the defence. The prosecutor said: At five o'clock yesterday evening I was driving through the Bath-road-green-road in my cart, accompanied by my two sons; when the prisoner, whom I had never seen before, drove up in another cart, drawn by a pony, and del volent fired a large pistol in my face. He then whipped his pony to increase its pace, but on recovering myself I pursued, overtook and stopped him. He said nothing when he fired, and the pistol was within two feet of me. When I stopped him he became very violent, resisted, struck a person who was with me, and expressed his regret that he had not got a knife about him. Hudson, 78, II, said: About twenty minutes past four yesterday the prisoner was given into my custody for firing at Mr. Baldwin. On examining his coat, I found in it the pistol I now produce which had evidently been very recently fired. (The pistol was a large, old-fashioned horse-pistol, with flat lock and thin brass barrel, which may have been loaded to the muzzle, as the mouth of the barrel was blown away.) He resisted so much, that it was with difficulty he was got to the station, where he was searched. A quantity of gunpowder was found in the pockets sufficient for two more charges of the pistol. I searched for ball and the remainder of the barrel but could find neither. On the road

ball and the remainder of the barrel but could find neither. On the road to the station the prisoner, who seemed to have been drinking, but we knew what he was about, said, "As I was coming along, the men in the cart said, 'If you come as near me I'll give you the horsewhip,' and I replied that if they did I would shoot them, and then I took up the pistol and discharged it." Mr. Leigh asked if the prisoner's mind was affected. Mr. Vann said, as he was instructed, it was not at all so but the prisoner was intoxicated and not used to firearms. It arose from what his client believed to be provocation, and he declared the piece to have been only loaded with blank cartridges, a statement supported by the fact that the prosecutor was not hurt, though the prisoner might have seriously injured himself. The magistrate determined to send the prisoner for trial, he hoped that he would be taken. Mr. Leigh said that the wadding alone of a pistol fired so closely might have killed or seriously injured a man, and the prisoner would therefore be committed for trial, but in the meantime he would

would therefore, be committed for trial, but in the meantime he would accept bail—the prisoner himself in £50, and two sureties in £40 each.

AN UNFORTUNATE ALLIANCE.—Robert Purger, a man about 60, described as a tradesman in Sister-street, Spitalfields, was charged before Mr. Cock with assaulting his wife. Mrs. Charlotte Purger, a well-dressed woman, at least twenty years younger than the defendant, and who was crying continually and continuously, said she had been unfortunately induced to marry the defendant only three months ago, and she had scarcely done so when she found that he was so thoroughly dissatisfied with her that she could do nothing he would acknowledge to be right. Five weeks after marriage he kicked her out of bed, and afterwards compelled her to get up every morning at four o'clock, though there was nothing she could attend to. The next week he treated her so cruelly that she was obliged to apply to this court for a warrant against him, but before it came on he promised to give her £50 and ever after to treat her with kindness, if she would prosecute him; and on her forgiving him, and not appearing against him, he again ill-treated her immediately. He has a nasty habit of saying he had a right to strike his own arm, and thrusting his elbow into her ribs or face, would then strike that arm violently with the fist of the other, and cause her the greatest pain. This he had done repeatedly, and did so twice on the morning of the 10th instant, when having perversely locked her in, and refusing her continually to see any of her relatives he suddenly told her that he had no dinner for such as she was, and that she must go to her own mother's for it. She did as he ordered her, and on returning an hour or two after found the door shut against her. She got admission with difficulty, when he clapped her most disgusting epithets, struck her suddenly, and gave her a violent back-handed blow across the face as to make her mouth bleed, and loose several of her teeth so that she even now spoke with difficulty, and then flung her out into the street, shut the door in her face, and a sword that if ever she came back he would have her life. He had ill-used her ever since they were married, and the life she led with him was fearful. Miss Maria Davies the wife's sister corroborated all the latter part of the

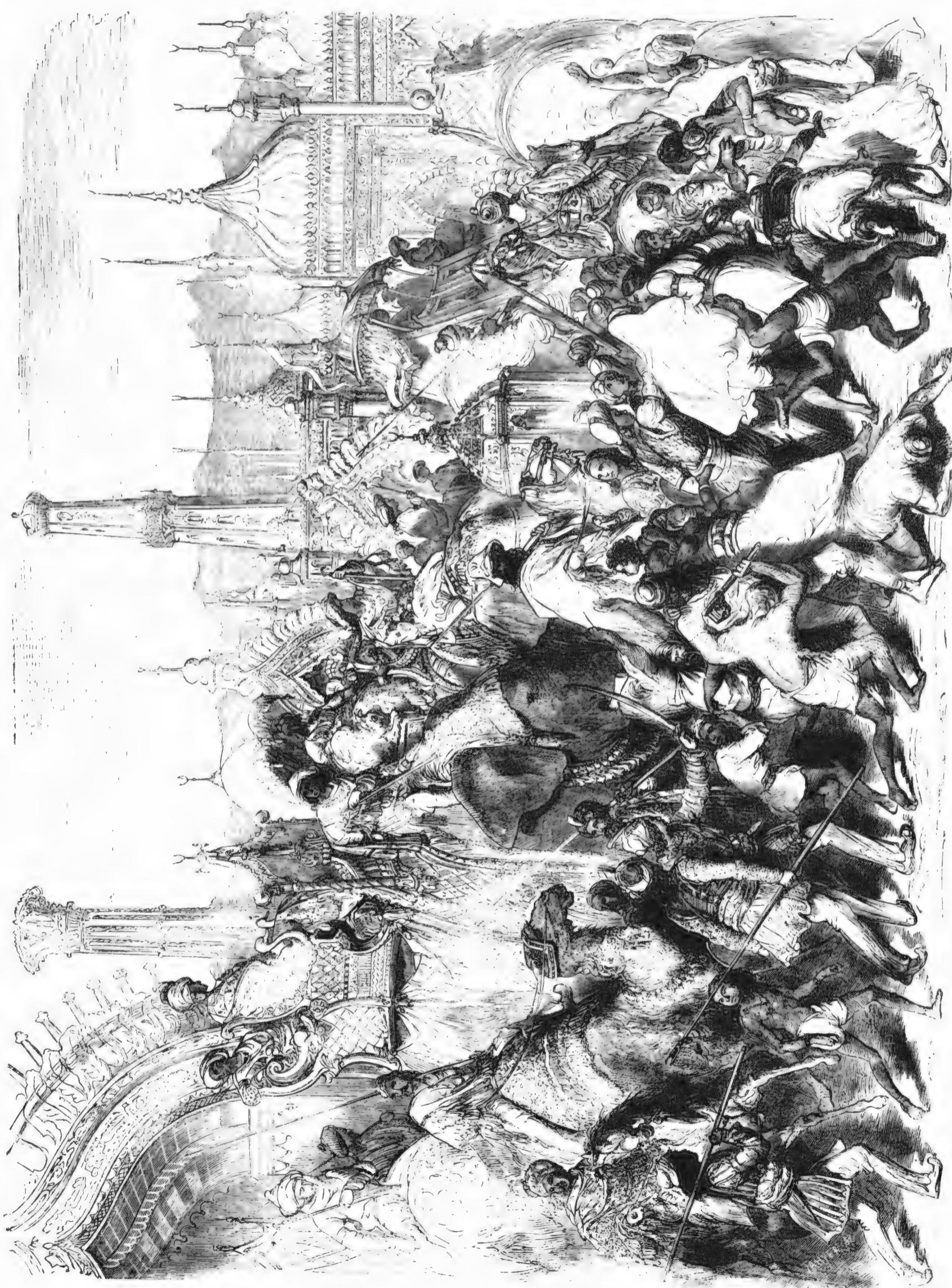
wife's statement. Mr. Bard, for the defence, had no witnesses; but was instructed to say that the wife was of so violent, perverse a temper, it was almost impossible to live with her, and that any quarrel between them and they certainly seemed everlasting, arose entirely through her. Mr. Vann, for the complainant, denied this, and pointed out the wife's continual ill-usage. Mr. Cooke, who characterized the defendant's conduct as both cowardly and brutal, sentenced him to pay a penalty of £1, or in default two months in the House of Correction.

intent to dispose of it in a similar manner, and in the same place. The proceedings were taken by the police under the powers of the Act 21st and 22d Vict., 66th sec., cap 10 which enacts that "if any woman shall be delivered of a child, every person who shall, by secret depositio[n] of the dead body of the said child (whether such child died before or after it was delivered) endeavour to conceal the birth thereof shall be guilty of a misdemeanour and, on being convicted, shall be an imprisonment of two years, with or without hard labour." Mr. Ratten, the barrister, did not find the prisoner and the evidence was this:—Ponsonby-street, 10th June 1862: At a quarter past eleven o'clock on Saturday night last I was at the King's Head-yard, Kingsland-road and saw the prisoner come down the yard from the street and look about in a suspicious manner. I stepped into one new building. It was dark. Prisoner came to the doorway, unfastened his trousers, and then his coat, took a parcel out and flung it into the building. I instantly turned on my light and asked him what the parcel contained. He replied, "A dead kid." I said, "You must get me and see it." He replied, "No, you can go." I assaid to him that he must accompany me. He then went and picked it up as I desired him to. I examined the parcel and found it to contain the dead body of a female child. I asked him how he became possessed of it? He said, "It was a premature birth from a poor woman, and I, being a medical man, offered to get rid of it to save the burial fees, which would have been 7s 6d. I told him that he must go to the station with me and he carried the child there. On the road there he observed "I ought to have buried it in my garden, and then this would not have happened." At the station I found the body of another female child in his pocket. He gave no account of that. Cross-examined:—Prisoner threw the first body into the bottom part of the building. He could not see me. It is an unfinished building; no doors or windows. Any person could have seen the parcel by daylight. The public can get access to the yard; it leads to the public-house and stable. The bodies were rather small; I could put either into a large pocket. Sergeant Smith 224: I was at the station, and took the charge. Prisoner said, "The woman who was delivered was, I believe, at Nottingham. I did not deliver her. I know that I am wrong in disposing of the bodies in this way." He gave no account of the second on 3. The second appeared rather fresher than the other. Mr. Flawing Griff, the divisional surgeon, New Norbury road: On Saturday evening last I was called to the station house and shown the body of a female child, with the afterbirth attached. It was more or less decomposed, and born probably about a week. It was a premature child; about six months. It had quicqued. On Sunday morning I was shown another female child not decomposed, and likewise about six months. The afterbirth had been properly detached. The infant had quicqued. I cannot at present undertake to say if the children had breathed or not. Mr. Ribben observed that if the magistrate thought that this was a case requiring a remand, he trusted that bail would be taken. Mr. Sifford, the clerk, mentioned that the exposure of dead bodies was also an offence to common law. Mr. Leigh consented to receive bail of two sureties in £40, and the prisoner in £80, which were subsequently tendered and received, and the prisoner enlarged upon it.

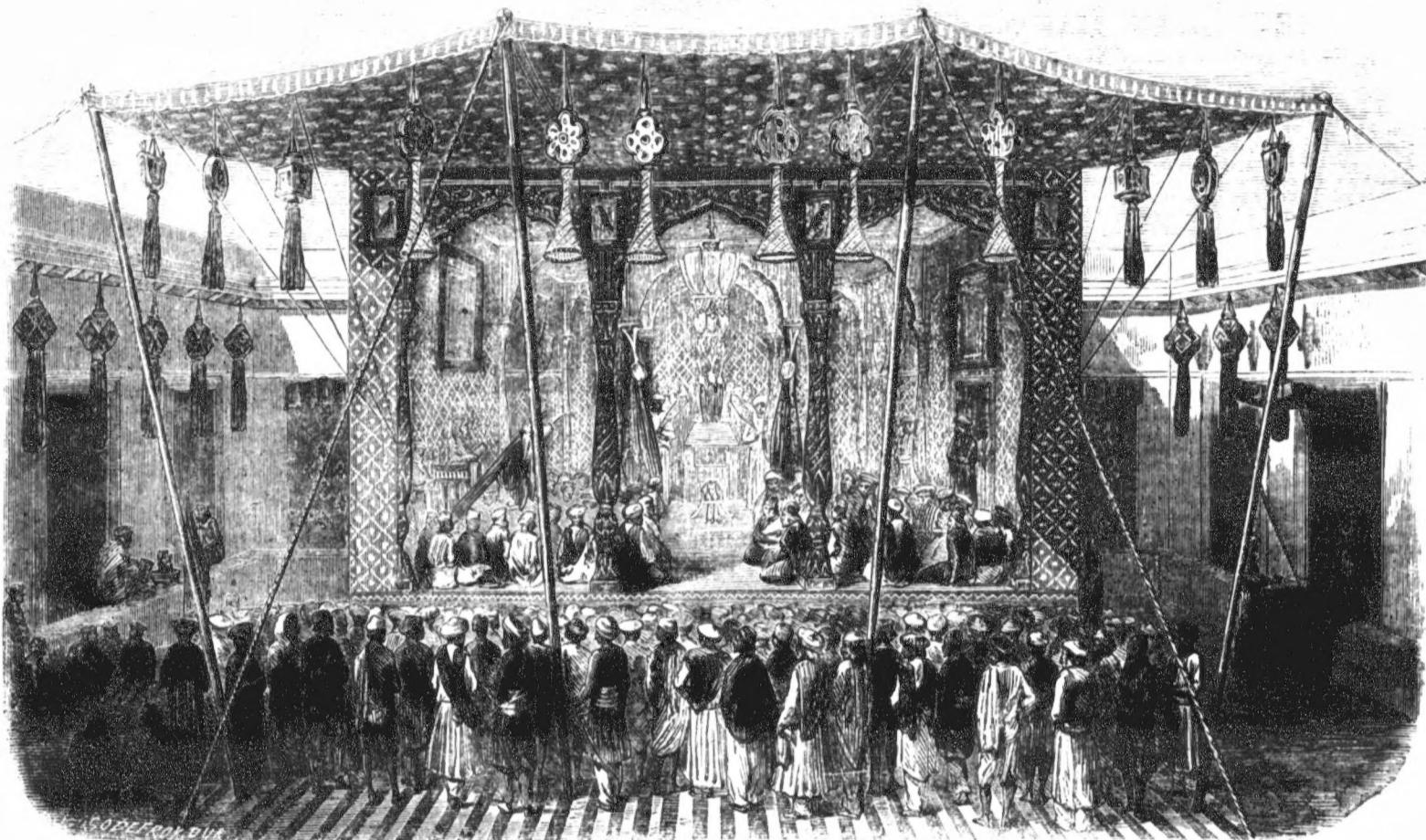
THIAME

A CUNNING YOUNG THIEF.—Henry Pickett, a very cunning young thief, well dressed, and got up in most approved style, and who put on an appearance of innocence which would have deceived any but the most experienced officers, was brought before Mr. Partridge charged with committing a very impudent robbery in a public street. The prisoner is not quite twelve years of age, and has been in custody twenty-three. On the previous Friday afternoon a man named George Smith, of No. 6, York-street, Commercial-road East, was driving an horse and cart along Oxford-street, Whitechapel, at the back of the London Hospital, when his attention was called to the prisoner, who was at the back of the cart in the act of drawing some linen out of a trunk. A white holland jacket was in his hand. The prisoner, on finding himself discovered, immediately called to the driver of the horse and cart, "There they go, down that street; they have been stealing your things." Very fortunately the driver did not proceed in the direction indicated by the prisoner. If he had done so the horse, cart, and £50 worth of linen, belonging to the proprietors of the London Tavern, would have been taken away in his absence. The prisoner was detained until Police-Sergeant Wood, 10 K, arrived, who took him into custody. The prisoner made a very plausible address in reference. He said that he observed some thieves pulling linen out of a trunk in the cart, and interrupted them, and began to replace the linen in the trunk. Observing the driver turn round, he called to him, and pointed out the direction the thieves had taken. He considered it very harsh, indeed, because he had prevented a robbery, he should be arrested as a thief. He was respectfully conducted, and begged of the magistrate to send for his father and friends, who would feel most acutely his undeserved and degrading position. Thomas Venable, an old detective officer, No. 111 K, here stepped forward, and said: "This boy is the most dangerous thief in London. His appearance and manner is no deceiver. He has been several times convicted for petty robberies and picking pockets. He was convicted in May last, and sentenced to three months imprisonment with hard labour, and three years' 'schooling' in a reformatory school, for picking pockets at the South Eastern Railway Station. His father got him off, and he was not sent to a reformatory. He is the cleverest young pickpocket and thief we have. Mr. Partridge asked the prisoner if he would be tried by him (the magistrate) or at the sessions. The prisoner retorted: "Well, sir, I will be tried here if I am to be tried at all. I was blamed for robbing a till in Devoushore-street. I can tell you the man who did it. If you will let me go I will tell you of many robberies, and where the people who did them are to be found." Wood: Yes, sir; be told me outside the court he could put me on several chaps if I would square my evidence and get him out of the 's. Mr. Partridge said so dangerous and incorrigible a thief as the prisoner must be removed from society a long time, and sentenced him to be detained for three years in the Feltham Industrial School. The prisoner uttered a dreadful oath on hearing his sentence, and as he was being removed by the gaoler stamped his feet, grabbed his teeth and exclaimed, "I should like to cut your — eyes out." Mr. Partridge said the prisoner's father would have to contribute towards the maintenance of his son at Feltham School.

**ROBBERY BY A TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.**—John Wilmot, aged 26, was brought up, on remand, charged with stealing a gold watch and with attempting to steal a gun. On the evening of Saturday, the 14th instant, the prisoner entered the shop of Mr Morris Moses, watchmaker and jeweller, of No. 7 Langley-place, Commercial-road East, and said he wanted to buy a good lever watch. He pointed out one intended for sale in the window. Mr Moses took it down, put it in the prisoner's hand, wound it up, and said the price of it was three guineas. The prisoner looked at the watch, disapproved it, and said he would have a gold one. The prosecutor then exhibited a gold lever watch valued at £10 5s. The prisoner took it in his hand, pretended to examine it very carefully, and as Mr. Moses was asking him to return it for the purpose of winding it up, the prisoner suddenly darted from the shop and ran across the road. The shopkeeper pursued him, but had no sooner reached the street than two men, confederates of the prisoner, stopped him, asked what was the matter, pushed him about, and effectually prevented him pursuing the thief. Mr. Moses however called for the police, and also shouted "Stop thief" as loud as he was able. A mob collected about his shop, and he thought it the most prudent course to return to it to prevent any further plunder of his stock. The prisoner continued running until he reached the middle of Bunhill's street, about 200 yards from the watchmaker's shop, when he was stopped by a police constable named Pobit. No. 211 H, who heard several boys call out "Stop thief!" Tobitt secured the prisoner, in spite of his resistance and the attempts of several persons to rescue him. He detained him for some time, but, no one appearing to charge him, he released him. Afterwards, Tobitt saw a great number of persons collected about the shop of Mr. Moses, and then heard of the robbery for the first time. The gold watch was stolen about half past five o'clock. On the same night, at eleven o'clock, Mr. Francis Middleton, assistant to Messrs. Dicker and Scarlett, pawnbrokers and salesmen, in Hereford-place, Commercial-road, was putting up the shutters outside the shop, and saw a man attempting to take down a gun which was in the shop, about 3 ft. from the door. As Mr. Middleton was approaching the door, and about to enter the shop, he saw the prisoner outside right in front of the door, and heard him give a signal to his confederates within, and say, "Come along." Mr. Middleton called Mr. William Burford, salesman to Messrs. Dicker and Scarlett, and they attempted to secure the prisoner and his companions. One of them made his escape. The prisoner would also have been set at liberty if he had not grossly abused Mr. Middleton and Mr. Burford and struck the former under the ear. The prisoner was then given into the custody of John Gowin, No. 418 A, who conveyed him to the station-house in Leeman-street, Whitechapel. Tobitt was present, and immediately identified the prisoner, and sent for Mr. Moses, who picked out the prisoner in a room in which were many persons in custody for other offences, policemen in plain clothes, and others. Porter William Dunaway, a police-constable, No. 129 H, and a detective officer, said he was present at the Surrey Sessions in March 1861, when the prisoner was convicted and sentenced to three years' penal servitude for stealing a case of surgical instruments. He then proved a former sentence of six months' imprisonment and several other convictions in the Thames and Wor-hip street Police-courts against the prisoner. He had known him as a thief twelve years. Mr. Woolrych: If the prisoner was sentenced to three years' penal servitude in March, 1861, he would have a long time to serve; the sentence would not expire until March, 1864. Dunaway: The prisoner was let out on license on the 16th of September 1863. He served two years and six months of his three years' penal servitude, and then got his ticket of leave. Mr. Woolrych committed the prisoner for trial.



FESTIVAL OF THE MOHURIM.—THE PROCESSION.—ILLUSTRATION OF "HIGHLAND JESSIE." (See page 382.)



THE FESTIVAL OF THE MOHURRIM.—THE SANCTUARY.—ILLUSTRATION OF "HIGHLAND JESSIE." (See page 383.)



THE CONSPIRATORS IN THE TEMPLE.—ILLUSTRATION OF "HIGHLAND JESSIE." (See page 382.)

## Literature.

HIGHLAND JESSIE;  
OR,  
LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID.

A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE ASP.

VENGHA gone from the room, it would have been exciting work to watch the movements of the serpent near the window, for we can judge what they were from observation in other cases.

Whether the reptile had or had not been dragged—and it is well known that many Indians seem to have the utmost command over serpents—it would have been impossible to say. It is supposed that the serpent charmers have the power of rendering the most deadly serpents innocuous for a time, and that they can regulate the period to a nicety. But whether this was the case or not in the instance of the reptile treacherously left by Vengha in Clive's room, or whether the fact of the serpent's torpor was to be accounted for by the fact of its having been deprived of air by its confinement in the reed in which it had been brought to the bungalow, it is certain that gradually, after being deposited on the ground, it seemed to regain its power of life.

It was a very small species of serpent, assuredly not a foot in length, and perhaps not more than a couple of thousand grains in weight. It was of such a size as the Roman ladies of old used as pleasant, cool summer toys, and laid upon their breasts; but whereas the serpents toyed with by those ladies of old were of a lovely green, and their heads were slim, and their eyes like jewels, the serpent which seemed gradually to be recovering its powers of life in Clive's room was a harsh, rough grey in colour; and while the eyes were monstrous and hideous, the lower part of the head was swollen and thick, the certain evidence of the power to bite poisonously.

The reptile turned its horrible head from side to side, as though in doubt; but gradually, and after a lapse of a few minutes, its gaze was directed towards the charpoy, and it began to slide towards the nearest of the slight bamboo supports of that bedstead.

Now, it may not be known to the general reader, but it is a fact, perfectly and too well known in India to be pleasant, that serpents, and not alone the small and most venomous specimens, have a wonderful tendency, when they get into houses, of concealing themselves about charpoys (*a*), and, marvellous as it may appear, about the head of the bed. The same peculiarity is also to be remarked in scorpions, and we refer our readers to any Indian friends who will corroborate us in our assertion that no cautious man goes to bed in India without examining his mattress and bed-clothing, to ensure no reptile or other noxious animal lies, if not waiting to destroy him, ready to destroy him if he flings himself down to sleep without caution.

However, long before the reptile had reached the bed support (and its motions were very slow, though equally unfaltering after it had once set towards the bedstead), Effingham had returned to the room.

It was growing towards evening as Effingham returned and sat down near Clive.

"Well, I don't like the messenger," said Effingham.

"You don't like the Indians," answered Clive, softly.

"I don't," said the doctor. "You may say what you like, but the face does give the index to the mind, or how is it we take aversions from beautiful faces after a first glance, while we are attracted to plain features after a second examination of them? I tell you, whatever your Lota may be, my poor old fellow, I don't like her Vengha; and, to be candid, if your Lota were like her messenger, I should think it no harm, to save you from her kind embraces, to poison you off-hand at once."

"I tell you, you will love her when you see her," said Clive.

And he spoke so kindly that Effingham felt half ashamed of the apparent cruelty of his words, so he answered—"Look here, Clive St. Maur; you know me well enough, and that I say more than I mean at most times when I say anything hard; but the fact is, I speak out as a kind of protest against these Indians, who never seem to speak out at all."

"How dark and hot this room is!" said Clive, fretfully and suddenly.

"Have the window cleaned," answered Effingham; "it's twilight, the sun is beginning to fail, and I think a freeze is rising. Here, Pawkey," he continued, calling out; and obedient to the summons, the quick-limbed Indian appeared from a snooze outside the door.

The Mahomedan was a brisk, pleasant kitmedgar, and appearing at the portal, a pleasant smile brightened his face in a moment, exactly as the same space of time had, upon the appearance of Vengha, turned his dark skin as livid as it would go, and merely by the horror of her appearance.

Pawkey could go to sleep in a moment, wake in a moment, cough, sing, answer in as many moments. A pleasant man enough this Pawkey.

"Pawkey," said Effingham, "take down the mats."

These mats, used in Indian houses, are thick blinds of dry grass, which are hung up before the windows. Water being poured over them at frequent intervals, they absorb great quantities of it, and then, as the water is evaporated, a coolness is necessarily produced in the atmosphere which enables the European to live.

The man with a "Yah, sahib," ran to the window nearest the bed, and without particularly looking before him.

The next moment the wretched man started, looked down, and uttered shrieks upon shriek, intermingling his cries with the sentence, "Boo, sahib—boo, sahib!"

The poor fellow had trodden, unhappily not on the head of Vengha's serpent, and its turning to revenge the touch betrayed its presence.

The doctor, of course, comprehended the catastrophe before the boy had reached the centre of the room.

To catch up a chair, and sweep the hideous reptile from its hold on the poor man's bare leg, was the work of a moment; and the act of the next, before the reptile could recover itself for a second spring, to crush its horrible head to shapelessness with his boot-heels.

The man fell to the ground, shivering, and already collapsing, for the Indian fear of a serpent bite seems to accelerate the action of the poison with the most ghastly rapidity.

Clive leaped from his bed, and reeled towards the man, calling together with Effingham, for help.

The native servants came running in; and, as is usual in such cases, they took it in turns to put their lips to the wound, and extract a small quantity of the poison by suction.

As rapidly as one mouth was removed from the wound another followed it; but, quick as that remedy was—almost as quick as the administration of aemoneia and brandy, which Effingham poured down the poor fellow's throat—the power of the poison was so irresistible that the native servants, accustomed to the diagnosis follow-

(a) The charpoy is the bedstead in general use in India. It is a kind of couch, and weighs but a very few pounds. Having once seen a charpoy, one can readily understand the meaning of the Saviour's words to the sick man, "Take up thy bed, and walk."

ing the bite of the venomous Indian serpents, and Effingham himself, saw that the man was dying.

Within five minutes of the injury the man lay dead on the floor of Clive's room, the body already swollen, and rapidly hurrying to decay.

"Sahib, it was a fo-tered snake," said one of the servants to Clive, and in a low voice.

"What do you mean?"

"Sahib, when the bite kills so soon, and laughs at the doctor, the serpent has been fed to bite well."

"Nonsense! Take the poor fellow away," answered Clive, supposing the words to be due to an Indian superstition.

The may have been or not, as it is also a question whether the frequent discovery of serpents beneath the pillows of Englishmen resident in India is due not so much to the instinct of the reptile as the hate of the Indian, who seems to be able to charm the serpent, and who may have the power of so fostering the monster as to cause its bite to be more deadly than nature in her cruellest hour has made it.

"Of course," said Clive, when he and the doctor were left alone together once more, "the beast crawled in from the garden. It's a lucky job for me poor Pawkey's foot trod on it, as I might not have seen to-morrow. What say you?"

"I," replied Effingham—"I say nothing; for I never do till I'm certain."

But he did not add that he had ordered a servant to preserve the remains of the serpent in spirits.

Effingham knew little of the natural history of serpents; but it struck him that this specimen seemed a very different kind from that which is ordinarily found in the gardens and other enclosures of the town, and he was determined to set his doubts at rest.

"Good night," he said, and he went away; mentally swearing that if Vengha came with another message, he might have one for her.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE SACRIFICE.

CALMLY moving to the deserted temple to which the garden was attached, in which Clive had met Lota for the first time, with heavy or with light tread, but with faces up'n which some cruel will lay hard, they came in the pure early morning light—hundreds upon hundreds of Indians—some rich, some poor; on foot, or camel-back, or elephant. Splendid and squat, well-formed and deformed, young and old, they all agreed in this, that they wore a lotus on the bosom.

Early Anglo-Indians, taking their morning ride, supposed that the Brahmins were assembling for the ordinary morning procession from one of their temples; and had any of them remarked the lotuses, they would not have drawn any dread conclusion from them. How could they have done so?

Oh, the temple was no longer deserted. It was filled with fierce-eyed human beings—fierce-eyed, though some of those present seemed, and others stood in easy attitude. When men live to deceive, they will even deceive themselves; and being alone, they will smile as though watched, even when angry blood is beating on their lips.

Fuller and fuller the temple grew, the sacred elephants standing in the midst.

Within the threshold of the temple no Indian had ever been known to take up his abode, although this building had been deserted by the priests for many years. Why it had been deserted no Englishman ever learnt. We English never learn why Indian temples, many of them built with immense splendour and labour, are suddenly deserted and never used again. This is one of the Indian mysteries, and none the less mysterious from the fact that no Indian, however poor and houseless, will take up his abode in one of these splendid and lovely temples. No matter how poor he is—no matter how low his caste, he will not inhabit one of these priest-shunned temples, which, in all probability, are cursed and delivered over to the Indian Satan before they are deserted.

The temple in the wood, the interior of which had become so well known to Clive, was one of the most exquisite buildings in the whole of India, and it was vast as beautiful. Let us describe it in a few rapid words. Its interior was a forest of magnificent pillars, rising high in the air, and bearing mighty beams of stone. The sight faded in following the number of pillars, all equally heavy and beautifully carved, which met the view at all points.

Marble, colour, gilding, in all stone-work, exquisite carving, all combined to make of this temple a very palace of religion. Owing to the purity and dryness of the Indian air, the close and delicate fretwork of this building appeared as though it had just left the hands of the workman.

All around was beauty, all about showed unworned work and unending elaboration—a fair to have been a labour of love; and yet this building had been deserted more years than the memory of man could recall.

But though ordinarily deserted, on this pure, calm morning—the sun gilding all alike—Christian and Hindoo, Mahomedan and Parsee—hundreds upon hundreds of Indians, with awful power of will in their faces, congregated in the temple.

Hundreds upon hundreds—so that near the figure of the god Shiva, standing immovable and implacable in the shadow, they crowded upon one another, and could hardly breathe. And yet not a sound broke the stillness of the day, not a footfall was heard; and though each human being present carried a bright knife in his girdle, not the glimmer of steel was to be seen, nor the clash of arms heard.

The only open space in the temple was a raised platform near the figure of the god Shiva, and this was totally unoccupied.

They were waiting evidently, and meanwhile they carried their fierce glances to the fiercer figure of the god, which from its hidden and dark corner looked down upon them.

This god was terrible to look upon. But, perhaps, it will be as well, in a few words, to explain the peculiarity of the gods of the Hindoos. They are these: Brahma, the creator; Vishnu, the preserver; and Shiva, the destroyer.

At peace, and when calm, the Hindoo worships Brahma and Vishnu; but when his fiercer passions dominate him, he seeks alone the temple of Shiva, the destroyer.

Brahma and Vishnu are beautiful to look upon, but Shiva is terrible. In one hand he bears a cruel spear, in the other an hour-glass. But it is his neck which is the most terrible portion of his figure, for it is surrounded by a curling snake, whose angry mouth is open, and whose fierce eyes glitter above the ring of skulls which sweep across the god's breast. As the other Indian gods, he sits cross-legged, and looking straight at his worshippers.

Such is the god Shiva, before whom these thousands of Indians remained in waiting, and almost as silent as the statue of the idol.

No intimation had reached the English regiment at Cawnpore that such a meeting was about to take place. The secret had been perfectly kept, and so necessary was it to be maintained, that had any Englishmen entered the temple, supposing it, as usual, to be deserted by all but the echoes, he would assuredly have been slain.

During two entire hours the masses of silent Indians waited without movement or sound. Then, instantly, all fell on their faces, as, suddenly appearing from a side door of the temple, a proud-looking man, still young, and brilliant with jewels, swept up to the platform before the figure of the idol, and laid a gleaming dagger upon the altar.

Still no sound broke on the night air, and the only steel upon which the bright rays of the sun fell was the dagger laid upon the altar, and upon the hilt of the sword of a very young and ex-

tremely handsome Indian who accompanied him, who was apparently their leader.

The Indians did not raise their faces from the ground, and kept their eyes lowered, as though the raising of their sight would cause them to be stricken blind.

"Ye faithful," the chief personage began, "the word will soon be remitted from our neck, for the Great God Shiva has spoken!"

For a moment all hands of that vast assembly were raised with awe and then the prostration before Shiva appeared to be more abject than it even had been.

"The great destroyer has spoken—but he craves blood! Who will sacrifice himself at the altar?"

Again all the hands were raised in a moment.

"No," the leader cried. "The sacrifice must be of one greater than you, because the sacrifice shall be terrible. Will either of you lose caste in order to become the true sacrifice?"

Not a hand was raised. All were willing to die—not one to lose caste; for by so doing he believed that in the future life he would belong to a race below that of his and his friends' castes.

"This sacrifice I will show you," said the Naga—for it was he; and so speaking, he struck a gong which hung at the right side of the altar.

The sound rang out loudly and harshly on the still air, and was echoed a thousand times in the midst of the many pillars.

As it ceased, a certain hanging before the pedestal of the idol was rent from the top to the bottom, and a beautiful woman stepped forth.

And at this moment, as though the very sun did homage to the sacrifice, it shone with increased splendour through the open roof upon the head of this woman.

She was Lota.

Lota—not dressed in the ordinary Indian costume, but in a kind of Greek white dress, which hung in loose folds, upon and below her waist; but some drapery of which was closely wrapped about her neck, breast, and arms. It appeared as though she had angrily folded herself in the white clouds of the drapery.

"Look up, ye faithful, and gaze upon your deliverer!"

For one moment the expense before the altar became terrible with upturned faces and glittering eyes; but the next, again two thousands of conspirators were prostrate before the altar.

"The Great Shiva has spoken," the chief continued, "and he bids us wait."

A murmur rose amidst the stooping host.

"Wait, but not for long. He bids us offer our fairest virgin, and she of highest birth, as the sacrifice; and not the sacrifice of blood, but the sacrifice of fall. Behold her; Lota, my sis'er!"

Oh, if brother and sister, very different in feature, look, and colour. As they stood together it was impossible to believe them of the same blood.

"She is to fall," cried the leader, "that you all may rise. Thus says the Great Destroyer—a Brahmin princess must marry one of the great of our oppressors, and be loved by the English, and gain their secrets, for India shall be free herself. Lota knows this, and she is here—the sacrifice!"

Lota was very pale, and she trembled as though in fear.

The leader, turning to her, saw her paler, and he himself turned pale.

"Thou, Lota," he continued, "take thou the sacred knife, and devote thyself to Shiva; swear thou will be me the fair wife of the Englishman, and she of highest birth, as the sacrifice; and not the sacrifice of blood, but the sacrifice of fall. Behold her; Lota, my sis'er!"

"Why dost thou tremble, Lota?"

"Why?—that I should lose caste, and thereby fall."

"Thou wilt gain India, and rise in thy death."

As the leader thus answered her his dark eyes burned, and there was little brotherly love in his face, no evidence of remorse for a sister who was about to devote herself to her country.

Yet Lota hesitated, her face towards the gazing hosts. But suddenly her features became illuminated, as though some splendid thought had entered her brain.

The wary chief saw this change, and cunningly turned it to advantage.

"The light of the gods hath fallen upon her face!" he said; and, as the Indians again prostrated themselves, the leader also fell upon his face.

Lota raised the sacred knife, and in a still, calm voice she said, "This knife I devote to the enemies of India! Let its spirit, and the spirit in which I speak, pass into your weapons."

Then arose the great shout which was heard at the English station, and caused some astonishment. As it was uttered, the place glittered with the forest of bright blades which were raised in the air.

The "sound of acceptance" had not ceased when the space beyond the altar was occupied by a third comer.

It was Vengha.

Vengha, the calm, the fierce, and the implacable.

"Let the sacrifice, Lota," she cried, "say who she believes are the enemies of India."

Aud thus speaking, she fixed her unyielding eyes upon the shrinking girl.

"Speak!" cried the mass of adorers, their arms still in the air.

The sound seemed to strike her. Lota reeled, and would have fallen, had not the leader leapt up and caught her in his arms.

"Wherefore does the sacrifice faint?" asked Vengha, in a cruel voice.

Again the throng of adorers murmured; but next moment they fell cowering to the earth, as their leader cried, "Do ye not comprehend? Lota hath devoted herself to India; and so for a little time the Great Shiva takes her soul to his bosom, that she may be strengthened in her work. India shall be free! Fiego! Meet here again at the time of the Mohurrim (*o*), and when our Mahomedan brethren would join hands with us in the work."

(b) THE MOHURRIM.—The reader will perhaps allow us to inform him that the religion of India is divided into two great divisions—Hindooism, and Mahomedanism. The first, which is the true religion of the country, and far more prevalent than the latter, is thousands of years of age. Some of the pagodas can be shown to have stood two and three thousand years. Mahomedanism is of comparatively recent introduction, and is due to the invasion of India, on the north-west by the followers of Mahomed, between nine hundred and a thousand years ago. The differences in the two religions are very great, and certainly the Mahomedanism is the superior; for, while it rejects idolatry to such an extent that no living thing is admitted into its mosques, the Hindoo symbolic almost every attribute of the deity in their temples by animal forms. Again, while the Hindoo clings to caste, the Mussulman rejects it; and while the former totally imprisons his wives, the latter does also them some liberty. But they agree in sensuality, which, it must be admitted, is at the foundation of both faiths; and, however much this sensuality is palliated by the development of ar

CHAPTER X.  
THE FIRST FALL.

THE fact is, that if you will fall you must not complain if your friend's are unwilling to go down with you. 'In other and proverbial words—"As you make your bed, so you must lie upon it."

That was Dr. Phil Effingham's philosophy, and upon the whole it was a good one to go upon.

In his own bungalow, and on his own charpoy, he asked himself whether he was not rather a fool to try and look after a man who it seemed was undeterred of looking after himself.

"Am I an ass?" Phil asked himself, as he went to bed, with a pulse as cool as even a medical man could wish it, after that performance with the table servant and the venomous snake. "Am I an ass, to take any trouble with that fellow?"

That "fellow" was Captain Clive St. Maur.

And it is to be feared that he went to sleep with the conviction that if heaven only helped those who helped themselves, it would be quite a suitable thing on his part if he allowed Clive to have his own way.

And yet, in spite of this resolve, he was in Clive's house almost as soon as the dawn. The fact of the matter was, Phil Effingham was not such a practical man as he persuaded himself he existed.

"Bless me, old fellow!" said the doctor; "how we are improved! It's the cool weather, I suppose!"

For you never will get a doctor, military or civil (which is not saying that regimental surgeons are all unpoltite), to admit that the mind has much to do with the bodily health. A fever is a physical ailment, and nothing but a hard physical cause will suit the doctor.

That very day Clive got up, and the next he went to the mess dinner. He did not eat much, but still felt a considerable satisfaction in seeing him at table, though, it must be confessed, he faltered a little when he was complimented by the colonel on the care he had effected.

As a conscientious man, he knew he had had nothing on earth to do with the matter; but, as a doctor, he held his tongue, except saying that "St. Maur's emed pulled through."

"Your health!" said the colonel to St. Maur—for out there in India they still drink wine with one another; and he kept an amiable eye on the young man while he gulped down a modicum of port—for your real old Indian colonel would stick to powerful port.

Many a nod St. Maur got when his eye was caught, as a kind of welcome back to health, but it is no question that he would have been chaffed awfully had the fellows known what had been the cause of his illness.

For to tell the truth, St. Maur, although only a captain, and the junior captain in the 3rd East India Company's service, had a social standing rather higher than that of the men about him. Many of the fellows in the Company's service were "counter-men," as those were designated whose fathers still did business in one way or another, and the 3rd had got its fair share of this official division. Of course they were quite as good men as the rest, for it is hard to know why the son of an army tailor is not as good as the offspring of a very small country squire, or a minister who has bought a good curacy; but somehow in the army they have generally thought differently, and the shop fellows have had, as a rule, a not very lively time of it.

Clive St. Maur took his standing upon the ground that he was the cousin of a Scotch baronet who had died, leaving two sons behind him, who only stood between him and the baronetcy.

True, it was not likely that he would ever come to the baronetcy, for the sons were one sixteen and the other eighteen, and it were odd indeed if both failed to continue the title. But then they were known to be delicate (consumptive, after their mother); and as the pleasures of home are cheap, people lay in a good stock of those commodities, and especially when the hope lies in the direction of a husband who may be uncommonly rich, and make his wife "my lady."

So all the eligible young ladies at Cawnpore—which in 1853 was one of the gayest English stations in Hindostan—were, to say the least of it, polite with him; and when Addy had got a kind word from him, Bab had said unkind things of him to Clive, who agreed with her and Die as well;—and so the fire ran all through the alphabet, down to the Senora Zara, who was the dark Spanish beauty at the Spanish consul's.

The fact is, not to put too fine a point upon it, that the young people of the latter sex angled for Clive St. Maur, and only condemned the fish when he would not take their bait. But their condemnation did not prevent them from trying again, and from falling once more, and calling him "odious."

You know, when the fox could not reach the grapes, he said they were sour.

Yet, in spite of his being "odious," while he was ill they did not refrain from sending over their kind little inquiries and little presents suited to fevered young interesting men, such as books and jelly, magazines and marmalade; and, it is just possible that the presents and the inquiries were increased in number, when it came round to the members of the female brigade that the captain was

of this festival fast, no Mahomedan who keeps it is seen in the street; on the second, every similar Mussulman turns out in mourning and all go in procession to some one of the representative tombs of Hassan and Hossain, which are sprinkled over India. The "sanctuary" is set up during the fast under a canopy, and, in great cities, very splendid it is. Our engraving represents that of Lucknow. Splendour of lights, gilding, and embroidered stuffs, all help to make the shrine magnificent; but not a representation of life is seen in it. The sanctuary is, of course, a model of the tomb of the two martyrs. During the fast, large wax-lights burn constantly round the effigy; while, at frequent intervals, a favourite mowhie reads prayers, and tells of the fate of Hassan and Hossain. Thereupon strong men weep, and weak ones go into hysterics; and then, at the proper part of the service the whole concourse of people break out into loud utterances of the two magic names. This lasts ten minutes, and then, in capital contrast, a funeral dirge is chanted. After this comes the *cursing*—of course of all who don't think as they do—and this goes on to the seventh day, when the fun begins in the shape of the representation of the wedding of Hossain's favourite daughter to her favourite cousin. The wedding procession is very joyous; but it is followed by a second pageant, representing the burial of Hassan. But it is the representation of the burial of the two brothers which is, so to speak, the lord Mayor's show of the whole business. As that funeral was a military affair, the mock funeral is also made military, and it is incredible what vast sums are spent in this display. One alone, and in one city, has cost as much as all the State pageantry in England for the last hundred years. There is an account of one which cost three hundred thousand pounds; but it must not be forgotten that of the money expended, an immensity is given to the poor. Incense may wave, money be wasted in a display which may be called vain, but charity gilds the Mohurrum, and rice and peas are their food. No woman wears jewels, and at every Mohurrum all things must be new. So the fast makes it good for trade. Again, all that is used is given to the poor; so no wonder they delight in the Mohurrum, for they are the only classes who benefit by its institution.

in love. How that information came round it is quite impossible to say, and Effingham swore he never said a word about it; but it is just possible that he did drop one word to that effect, and so the entire book was soon read, though nobody knew who was the heroine.

It is just possible that every one of the fair ones thought she was the object of adoration, because you know that when you have a chance in the lottery you need not be certain of disappointment till the winning number is declared, and one number is quite as good as another.

At that ball, which took place during the week following the convalescence of St. Maur, there was quite a commotion when St. Maur entered the room. Such a number of young hearts fluttered as ought to have made Cupid happy.

"Bedad, it's him!" said Miss O'Flarkey, who had refused four subs, she being on the look out for a colonel; and the Irish lady dropped her fan as he came near her.

Of course Clive picked it up with a civil word, to which Miss O'Flarkey, being of the cannoneading style of husband-hunting, immediately replied, "Bedad, I'm glad I dropped in, since it's civil ye are, captain; and I think if ye ask me jauntily I'll be after standin' up in a wallwid ye."

"Thank you, Amelia," (that was the name her godfathers and godmothers had given her) he returned, "Effingham says I'm not to dance; I'm not yet altogether strong enough."

"Bedad," thought Miss O'Flarkey, "you're a weak man altogether; for ye can't have much of the man in ye to refuse a woman." But all she said was, "Sure, captain, sit down, and tell us all about your fayver. Oi remember twas in Sackville Street I was, and a dhrind fayver I had all along of Sir Charles Mayhew, who threatened me shamefully. Sit down now."

But Clive would not. The jolly young Irishwoman's twaddle sounded like the buzzing of gnats in his ears.

So he went on, and all the rest of the alphabet of young women enjoyed Amelia's confusion. She dropped her fan again; but there was no one to pick it up this time, and so she did it herself.

Well, St. Maur sat about, talking here and there, and saying the flat things which go down at balls for capital conversation; but it was clear to the simplest miss in the room that he was absent-minded, and curiosity as to who she was got to fever-bright.

Fifty young women could have got into the witness-box of the court of scandal, and have made a solemn asseveration that he took notice of no one in particular, and yet they had no doubt about the truth of the allegation.

It was about eleven when the brigade, or a greater portion of those English amazons, saw the colonel of the 3rd go over to St. Maur with a very considerable amount of energy and seat himself by Clive's side. The colonel had been talking with Effingham, and Miss O'Flarkey had distinctly seen the colonel hand over a paper to the doctor, who, upon reading it, looked confused, and even pained. Then the colonel and the medical man had some more talk, and then the latter went over to St. Maur.

We are privileged to hear that conversation.

"Why, St. Maur," says the colonel, "what the devil does all this mean?"

And thereupon he put the letter he had shown the doctor in Clive's hands. This little performance Miss O'Flarkey marked.

St. Maur turned pale as he read the communication. It ran thus:—

"Sahib,—Perhaps I write with rity, perhaps contempt. Your fellow usurper, the Sabir Captain Clive St. Maur, loves one of our women, and would wed with her. Prevent this."

There was no signature to the letter, but a faint, ill-drawn sketch of a lotus.

"What on earth does this mean, St. Maur?"

"Well, colonel—the truth. I do love an Indian woman, if Indian she is."

"But it's nothing serious, I hope!"

"Well, Ewins" (the name of the colonel), "I hope to make her my wife."

"My dear fellow, you cannot have got rid of the fever. I never remember such an absurdity, you'll pardon me the word, as marrying an Indian woman. The thing never was done yet."

"That I cannot help, colonel."

"But, my dear fellow, have you considered the consequences?"

"The consequences?"

"Yes, we could barely receive her in our society."

"I don't know why you should not, colonel," said St. Maur, a little angrily.

"My dear fellow, the thing never has been done, and I hope never will be. It would upset us all awfully. You really don't mean it?"

"Upon my soul, I do!"

"You do?" said the colonel.

"Yes, I do, Ewins."

"Then I shall just thank you next time you use my name, Captain St. Maur, to put my title before it."

"Certainly, Colonel Ewins."

The colonel got up, nodded stiffly, and moved off—the whole proceeding marked by Miss O'Flarkey, and of course not unobserved by other young members of the then Cawnpore female brigade.

Effingham also saw the dismal failure of the colonel's embassy. He went over to where Clive was seated by an open window.

"There! what do you think now of your precious scheme, Clive?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you see, at the very first blush the colonel cries off; and I could see by the way in which he cleared off that he had been roughing you in a mild way."

"If the colonel chooses to lecture me, Effingham, of course he must take the consequences. I'm not going to be lectured by a Ewins."

"Ha! I suppose that's a gentle hint for me?"

"No, Effingham," the captain replied; but it was confoundedly like "Yes, Effingham."

"The fact is," said the doctor—"and, upon my soul, I must speak, if you try to look as big as a camel—you are on a wrong road, and the sooner you turn back the better. The thing never has been done, and never can be. The Hindoo women have always looked upon our women as no better than they should be. They have always expressed contempt for them; and it's not to be supposed our women are such perfect Christians as to forgive the Indian women for their opinions. I am quite sure our women would never stand an Indian woman among 'em; and I for one should not wonder at their objection. The Indian women are familiar with are not generally fitted for English drawing-rooms. Think over it while there's time. Remember, there's no drawing back, Clive, and it will be hard work, after the thing's done, to swim with your head well above water."

"Look here, Effingham," replied St. Maur—and it must be confessed that his tone was unjustifiably imperious: "if the women of our regiment won't receive my wife, I've no doubt she will be able to live without them."

"My poor old fellow, do you think you could stand your wife being treated with contempt?"

"Contempt! I should like to see—"

"There—don't fling big words at me, Clive; they won't hurt me! But, mark my words, if you will go into partnership with this Indian woman, depend upon it, she will force you out of ours! The gallant 3rd won't know you long after you have ceased to be a bachelor!"

For a moment St. Maur was silent. Then he replied, "Well, if the 3rd can get on without me, I have no doubt I can get on without it!"

Now this was a little too much. Phil Effingham could stand, and did stand, a good deal, but, intolerable as this reply was, its tone was downright unendurable.

"All right, St. Maur!" he said, and very discreetly removed to another part of the room. It took a deal to put Effingham out, but he had nearly got his dose.

So, you see, Clive St. Maur, like many a better man before him, was tumbling into matrimony. He, as well as any man, knew that he was, from all worldly points of view, doing a confoundedly stupid thing in marrying an Indian woman, and yet he more than half quarrelled with his colonel and his old doctor friend for simply doing a plain best to save him from himself.

They had spoken quite truly. There was no instance of a British officer marrying a Hindoo woman. All the prejudices, both on one side and the other, were against such a match, and yet, in spite of all these arguments, he clung to his determination.

Within one little, little week from the night of that ball the colonel paid St. Maur another visit, early in the morning.

He sent in a formal card, and he himself was as formally dressed.

St. Maur came to meet him at the threshold of the bungalow, and ushered him into the ordinary sitting-room. St. Maur appeared to be equally determined, and, if the word may be admitted, stupid.

"Captain St. Maur, you will pardon me this visit. I have come to make one last appeal to your common sense. I am old enough to be your father, and while I have held my colonel's commission, I have generally played the part of a parent, with more or less success, amongst the young men in my regiment. I ask you what on earth do you think your people will say at home to this performance? I know all about it. You have obtained a marriage license, and are going to use it this morning. Let me advise you, sir, to fling it on the fire. Run, sir—run. As a soldier, I don't, as a rule, advise running; but when it's the case of a woman, it's always my advice to a man. Be off to the hills—hide yourself in a dhooley, and get out of Cawnpore within the next half-hour on your way to Simla. The hills will cool your blood, and six months hence you will say I was the best friend you ever had when I gave you this advice. Come, now, what do you say?"

"Simply this, Colonel Ewins: I am quite at a loss to know what you have to do with my affairs."

"Ho! very well, if you take that tone with me, I have only to warn instead of advise you."

"And, pray Colonel Ewins, what is the nature of your warning?"

"Simply this: that to avoid giving me and yourself trouble, I do hope that you will quit the regiment. My officers and myself have always got on uncommonly well, and I don't want to commence a new state of things."

"I don't see how my marriage should influence the regiment, colonel."

"I do, Captain St. Maur. You would resent the slight almost necessarily cast upon your wife, and disturbances would be the consequence. I hate courts-martial, and I doubt whether I should ever be out of one if you married with us under such circumstances."

"Pardon me, colonel, but duelling is now ridiculous."

"I tell you, man," replied the colonel, "fighting would come of it; and I do hope, for the credit of the regiment you have served so long, that you'll leave us in peace."

There was something already heavy at Clive's heart. He had grown to love the regiment like a new birth-place; for in its ranks he had become a man. He saw it drifting away from him, like the shore from a fast-steaming vessel; but he did not falter. It was somewhat proudly that the young officer replied, "If, sir, the regiment don't want me with it any longer, I owe it to my self-respect to leave it."

The poor old colonel was moved by the words.

"I'm deuced sorry for all this, St. Maur; but I'm quite sure I'm right. Our English women never would stand it. Good bye, lad!"

And thereupon the colonel went, and he must have been very considerably put out; for when the orderly saluted him, that official had got no further than, "Please, sir—"

When the colonel replied, "Oh, go to the devil, sir."

Well, it must be confessed that for Clive this was not a very hilarious wedding morning. Two months before he did not know Lota, and now he was about to throw away position, old friends, old associations, and all for what? The possession of a woman who had never thought as his people thought, whose whole life, expectations, belief, and habits, he knew must be totally different from his own.

Not one of the gallant 3rd pulled him through. He had no best man, and he went alone over to the church at Cawnpore.

Indeed, there was only one English person present beyond himself and the officials, and this person, to commit burl, was an Irish lady—Miss O'Flarkey, it need not be said; and with eyes red with weeping that it appeared as though she had cried all the vigour out of them. But she was honest hearted, nevertheless; for, looking at the bride, she said, "Well, anyhow, she's a purty chreecher."

And you will confess that on the part of a rival this was praise indeed.

That same morning the mail came in; and oh! judge of the increased agony of the whole female brigade at St. Maur's marriage, when it was thoroughly well known long before night-fall that the two ricketty cousins had been carried off byague, and Captain St. Maur was now Sir Clive St. Maur—a rich, and even powerful Scotch baronet.

"Bedad!" said Miss O'Flarkey, that evening, to one or two of her dearest acquaintances—"bedad! we were in too much of a hurry, thin, to bundle her out o' the radigimun'; for, as sure as Dobbin's Dublin, she's jest Lady St. Maur, and no other herself, an' she'll jest be presented to her Majesty at St. James's Pallus."

(To be continued in our next.)

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